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HAMILTON NUMBER

EASTER 1921

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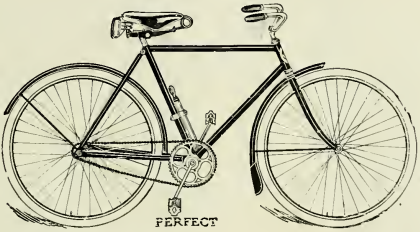

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To Our Readers

We all know that the success of the "Vox" depends largely on the amount of advertisements; with this fact in mind we take this opportunity of calling to your attention the present financial condition and business slump which, for many months, has been prophesied, but is now keenly felt in business circles.

Many of our regular advertisers have found it impossible to advertise in this issue; so that at the outset the publication of this issue was very doubtful. However, through the untiring efforts of those interested in our magazine, it has been made possible.

We cannot impress upon ourselves too strongly the fact that we must **read the advertisements, patronize our advertisers** and above all **mention the "Vox."** In this way, and this way only, may we insure the future success of our school paper.

GEORGE GORDON ANDERSON,
Business Manager.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING IN VOX LYCEI

Back Cover	$16.00	Inside Covers	$15.00
Full Page	14.00	Half Page	7.00
Quarter Page	4.00	(Per each insertion)	

Advertisers wishing to reserve space should communicate with the Business Manager.

A Hearty Welcome---Always

Whether you come prepared to buy,-or just to want to find out what's what for Spring, you're always welcome here. . . . . .

There's a fine collection of New Styles ready now-see them in our windows, and in the store too.

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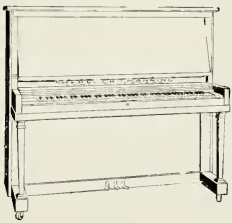

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But See Price First

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To Our City

The home of our parents, our great and glorious heritage, the seat of our Collegiate Institute and other schools of learning, and the manufacturing centre of our fair Dominion, we affectionately dedicate this, our Easter issue

A Message from Hamilton's Mayor

March 15th, 1921

I have great pleasure in commending the current issue to the favorable notice of the citizens of Hamilton. It is a praiseworthy effort on the part of the Editor to dedicate this number to Hamilton, and thereby not only call attention to the City and its people, but also to stimulate all that is best in the young people associated with the Collegiate and other Educational Institutions.

To those of our citizens who may read this, may it awaken new interest, and to those who are sojourning with us who are birds of passage, "May their college associations be the foundations of a glad to-day, and a brighter to-morrow."

I am sure all our citizens will endorse this wish expressed by,

GEORGE C. COPPLEY,
Mayor of Hamilton

VOX LYCEI

HAMILTON NUMBER

EASTER, - 1921

VOL. XI NUMBER 1

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PUBLISHED BY THE LYCEUM OF THE

Hamilton Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Canada

PRICE, THIRTY CENTS

THE STAFF

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Assistant Editor—FRED INGLIS

Secretary—ROBERT I. CLIFTON

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Miss Annie Wingfield
Frank McKelvey

Business Supervisor—B. L. SIMPSON, M.A.

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Girls' Athletics—Miss Freda Kortsman
Exchanges—Ormonde Barrett.
Cadets—George R. Allan
Girls' Corner—Miss Thora McIlroy
Alumni—Carl J. Maier
Jokes—Arthur Hogarth
Artist—Bert Glukes
Literary Supervisor—J. J. EDWARDS, M.A.

Counsellors { Ed. Morrison, B.A.
W. K. Foucar, M.A.

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Form 2—Allan Christie.
Form 3 (Jr.)—Miss Olive Brown.
Form 3 (Sr.)—Robert Mitchell.
Form 4—Russell Waines.

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T-3—Miss V. Gibson, A. Orr.
T-4—Miss S. Brennan, S Nash.

EDWARD H. HULL, Editor-in-Chief.

In view of the fact that this number is dedicated to our City, it might be of interest to our readers to know something of the early history of Hamilton.

The first white man known to have visited the site of our present city was La Salle, who in 1609 with a band of daring companions, landed on the shore of the bay at a spot near where the Grand Trunk station now stands. Unfavorably impressed by the rough nature of the surrounding country, however, La Salle made but a short stay in this place, departing easterly toward Lake Erie.

Nothing further regarding the early history of the city is recorded until 1778, when Robert Land, with his wife and family, settled here, building his cabin near what is now the corner of Wentworth and Barton Streets. Following the advent of Land there came a small but steady stream of immigrants, which soon swelled the population of the little village. By the end of the eighteenth century the small settlement proudly boasted a tavern, a school and a Masonic Hall.

A steady growth followed, until, in 1813, George Hamilton, with evident foresight and faith in the future of the tiny village nestling beneath the brow of the mountain, laid out his farm in town-lots. After him the town was named and he became its first mayor.

From this date onward, the growth of the city was phenomenal. The population increased by leaps and bounds, while the industrial and commercial expansion was most marked.

A fitting climax to one hundred years of happiness and prosperity was the Centennial celebration, held in 1913. How many of us, young though we were, can forget the carefree revelry and whole-souled enjoyment of that memorable week.

And so, dear readers, we are sure that you will agree with the sentiments of the following poem, written expressly for your magazine by one of the most respected and popular members of the faculty:

The mountain looks on Hamilton,
Hamilton looks on the bay,
And musing there, one hour, alone,
I said, "Let come what may,
There is no fairer city
In this broad land to-day!"

E. M.

PRICE ADVANCE

It is with genuine regret that the staff of this issue has been forced to raise the price from twenty-five to thirty cents per copy. While this advance may at first seem to be excessive, we are sure that when our readers are made familiar with the reasons, they will grant us their indulgence.

The present business chaos is a subject with which all are doubtless familiar. Inasmuch as this condition directly affects advertising activities, and the latter directly affects the publication of our magazine, since without advertising matter the publication of the Vox would be impossible from a financial standpoint, our position has been made most difficult.

Our business department has found it impossible to secure sufficient advertising to complete that quota of the necessary revenue which is usually derived from the above source. The only remaining way in which this deficit can be met is through an advance in subscription prices. The five cent advance which has been made, is, to the average student, only a small matter, but to the Vox this amount on the seven or eight hundred copies sold means the difference between financial success or failure.

Should the Vox be sold for what it costs to produce it, less the advertising section, the cost per copy would be approximately seventy-five cents.

Thus, in view of the above named circumstances, we feel that the support of our student body will be forthcoming and that this issue of the Vox will enjoy just as great a sale as those previous issues which sold for a lower price.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

It is with great pleasure that we welcome to the columns of this issue our principal, Mr. J. B. Turner. Mr. Turner has, in his article, outlined a great many phases of the life at the Collegiate, both past and present, which will be of decided interest to the student body.

Another name which is by this time familiar to the readers of the Vox and which again, in this issue, appears above the prize essay, is that of Miss Rhena McIlroy. Miss McIlroy is a writer of no mean ability, and in more than one Vox have her stories appeared. In all her writings she displays a wealth of imagination and a fluent command of English that make her stories of more than ordinary interest. Always a welcome visitor to the columns of the Vox.

The prize poem in this number is the very creditable effort of Miss Irene Cole. Miss Cole's verse is marked by an individuality of style, a freedom of expression and a depth of thought that renders it indeed delightful.

It is certainly encouraging to note the interest which the members of our faculty continue to take in the Vox. Again we have with us Mr. Collins, "Our Poet." We thank him for his delightful contribution, and assure him that a hearty welcome always awaits him in the issues of the Vox.

Other contributors whose work has helped to make our issue a success include Frank Smye, whose interesting pen sketches of the scenes "Behind the Scenes" will be read with keen enjoyment. It is a pleasure to welcome again to these columns one who has filled many positions on previous Vox staffs.

H. Lightstone is the talented contributor of the poem "And He Did." This young poet is a new member of the Vox list of literary visitors. We hope that future issues may also be favored with his work.

THE HOODOO

Although space has been given in another section of the magazine, to the recent play, it is too great a temptation to resist giving a few words of congratulation here.

First, let the thanks of the entire school go out to the three directors, Messrs. Collins, Morrison and Foucar. These gentlemen, at cost of their time and energy, devoted themselves whole-heartedly to the work in hand and are deserving of the highest praise.

To the cast too much credit cannot be given. The work which they have done at both performances has been a kind that many professional companies could not better. Well done, "Hoodooites!" May you long remember the glad times entailed in the production of the Collegiate play, February 18th and March 9th, 1921.

For the boys who so kindly gave their assistance back-stage is also due a word of thanks. They did their part just as well and just as thoroughly as did those on the stage, and although unseen, their work is appreciated.

THE TRACK-MEET

It is with great pleasure that we have seen the arrival and passing of that event, an event which has long been the earnest desire of many of those attending the Collegiate—the International Interscholastic Track-Meet.

To be able to compete in friendly rivalry with a representative group of athletes, such as is that of the Baltimore school, is indeed a privilege that the Collegiate teams have not passed over. Such an event stimulates interest, not only in the athletic doings of our neighbors across the border, but in their scholastic affairs as well, for on their visit here athletics was not the sole topic, their general school life entering often into the conversation.

Again we say that such an opportunity to exchange ideas and to "compare notes" with teams from schools in the States is one that should not be missed, and in the near future the Vox hopes to see these international interscholastic contests become annual affairs.

CADET PICTURE

The very keen sense of disappointment, which has doubtless been felt by all, regarding the failure to publish in this issue a picture of the Cadet officers, is sincerely regretted by the staff. Owing to the limited time at our disposal and the non-arrival of the officers' uniforms, we found it impossible to delay publication until the photo could be taken. For this we are truly sorry, as we consider that there is no group in the school more worthy of space in our columns than the officers of such a fine organization as is our Cadet Corps.

We trust that in the next issue these officers may be given the honor which they so richly deserve.

AN APPRECIATION

The Lyceum desires to express to Alderman Stamp and ex-Hydro Commissioner Nelson its sincere thanks for the material assistance which they so thoughtfully rendered in connection with the advertising of the second presentation of "The Hoodoo" at the Grand, March 9th, 1921.

STAFF PICTURE

Three familiar faces are lacking from this issue's staff picture, namely, Messrs. Simpson and Morrison and Major George R. Allan, Jr. Owing to the inability of our business Supervisor and our Counsellor to be present, and the illness of our editor of Cadets, we were unable to include their pictures in the group.

We regret very much that these three popular members of our staff are not in the picture and hope that in the next issue their pictures may appear.

We reproduce below, however, a small photo of our genial Cadet commander, as he appeared in our Christmas issue.

THE ISSUE

In regard to the literary and business work on this issue, we desire to express our sincerest thanks to the entire staff for the strong and efficient support which they have given, reducing the work of the editors to a minimum.

To the staff artist, Bert Glukes, goes the credit for the cover of the "Hamilton Number." The artist has reproduced the seal of the city of Hamilton with careful attention to detail and has combined it with the rest to form a most creditable cover design.

Thanks are also due our literary and business supervisors and our two counsellors for the active interest which they have taken in the production of this number.

Autographs

STAFF OF VOX LYCEI, EASTER, 1924

R. Waines, Fourth Form. — R. Mitchell, Sr. Third Form. — B. Glukes, Artist. — F. Hodd, First Form. — O. Barrett, Exchanges. — A. Christie, Second Form. — A. Hogarth, Jokes.

C. Maier, Alumni. — F. McKelvey, Asst. Bus. Mgr. — F. Kortsman, Girls' Athletics. — A. Wingfield, Asst. Bus. Mgr. — T. McIlroy, Girls' Corner. — O. Brown, Jr. Third Form. — M. Allen, Asst. Bus. Mgr. — C. Drew, Athletics.

W. K. Foucar, M.A., Counsellor. — D. A. Robinson, Lyceum. — R. I. Clifton, Secretary. — E. H. Hull, Editor-in-Chief. — G. Anderson, Bus. Manager. — F. Inglis, Asst. Editor. — J. J. Edwards, M.A., Literary Supervisor.

DAVE A. ROBINSON, Editor.

DURING the last term, the Lyceum realizing that one of the primary objects of the organization is the encouragement of public speaking, organized a Debating League among the rooms of the Junior and Senior Third Forms. It has been some years since such a league has been in vogue, and the result was very gratifying. At date of writing, two debates have been held. It was considered that topics relative to school matters would be more interesting and would allow for more animated discussion. This supposition proved correct. The disputants in both debates entered into the spirit of their topics with "vim" and "gusto." The first controversy, "Resolved, that the School Hours should be from Eight to One O'clock," was between Rooms T3 and T2, the former room holding the affirmative, and the latter maintaining that the hours were quite satisfactory, as they are at present. T3 was represented by Miss Jean McLaughlin and Bert Challen; T2 by Miss Norma Whelan and Nelson McFarlane. The decision was awarded to the negative.

The second discussion was, "Resolved, that Examinations should be Abolished." Room T1 represented by Harold Roberts and Miss Grace Taylor, upheld the affirmative; G. L. Duff and Miss Helen Gardner for room 13, the negative. It was plainly seen that the members were heartily in accord with the policy of utter abolition of examinations and thoroughly appreciated the gruesome pictures of nerve-wrecked students which were presented to their mind's eye by the affirmative. The decision was awarded to the advocates of abolition.

At a recent meeting a Mock Parliament was held. "The War Memorial Bill" was introduced by the Minister of Finance, the Hon. G. R. Allan, Jr. The bill levied a tax (in reality a voluntary subscription), of fifty cents upon all pupils of the school, for the erection of a tablet to commemorate, in bronze, the glorious sacrifice of the sixty-five pupils and old boys of the H. C. I. who laid down their lives that civilization might survive.

At the time of writing, subscriptions are being received. All seem to realize that it is not only a duty but a privilege, to subscribe. As soon as subscriptions are complete, work on the memorial will be proceeded with.

"A Constitution, in Regard to the 'Vox Lycei,'" was presented before the House by the Hon. Ed. Hull, on behalf of a Special Committee appointed by the President of the Privy Council, to consider the matter. After a discussion and one minor amendment, the bill was carried on division. Since it does not appear in the official records of the Dominion House, part of it appears in another section of this issue.

The elections for the Easter issue of the Vox were, as usual, much more "tame" than those for the preceding issue. Candidates for the various positions were permitted to address the electorate, and their campaign speeches proved worthy of seasoned politicians.

Continued on page 55.

LYCEUM EXECUTIVE

MOLES MENTEM AGITAT

First Prize Essay by Miss Rhena I. McIlroy

"FOUR-THIRTY," chimed the gay little French clock on the mantlepiece, and "Four-thirty" boomed the pompous old Grandfather clock in the corner, a second later.

"Beat you that time!" giggled the little clock provokingly. "It's your own fault, though; you will persist in regulating your time by the sun. If you'd go by the moon, as I do, you wouldn't be so slow."

"Why, you—you impudent little hussy!!" sputtered the big clock furiously, losing another second in his anger; "how dare you say I'm slow! My time is perfect, and has been for a hundred years. As for that new-fangled notion of setting your time by the moon, it's absurd! Everybody knows the sun is more accurate; there are no two sides to the question."

"You're a self-opinionated old fogey!" retorted the little clock, hotly. "You—"

A distant bang of the front door interrupted the discussion, and a moment later an impetuous young person burst into the room like a small whirlwind.

"What do you think!" she began, breathlessly, to her mother, who was sewing quietly by the window, entirely unaware of the interesting argument quoted above, "My essay! I forgot all about it! It has to be in by to-morrow! On 'The Ideal School;' isn't that an awful subject? What'll I ever do? I'll have to work like fury!"

"Well," replied her mother, rolling up her work, "you'll just have to do the best you can. If you try, you can get a good start before six o'clock. I'm going down now to bake a cake for supper, so you can have the room to yourself."

Left alone, Marie made elaborate preparations; she filled her fountain pen, sharpened two lead pencils, found a fresh blotter, attached the study lamp ready for use, and finally, with the light of determination in her eyes, opened her notebook at a clean page, and settled to work.

In the silence that followed, the little clock glanced across the room in a friendly fashion.

"Isn't it a glorious day," she remarked, with a conciliatory jerk of her minute hand.

But the big clock was not to be appeased.

"Your'e fast, you know you are," he asserted violently, "and anybody but a flighty foreign clock like you, would admit that the sun exercises the most powerful influence in nature."

"On you, perhaps," interjected the little clock, scornfully.

"On everything," declared the big clock, rashly.

"Prove it," challenged the little French timepiece, "I dare you to!"

"Done," the big clock replied defiantly. "I'll show you."

He ticked on in meditative rhythm for a few seconds, then as a lengthening beam of sunlight spread across the carpet, a bright idea occurred to him. With a triumphant chuckle, he telegraphed a swift little message to his chief, the sun, and—

Marie sighed restlessly, threw herself back in her chair, and impatiently bit the end of her pencil.

"Now, what was I going to say?" she murmured, with a puzzled frown, "I'm sure I don't know." As she glanced about in search of inspiration, her eye was arrested by a gleam of sunlight illuminating the title of a new book. The temptation was irresistible; down went the pencil, and two minutes later she was absorbed in the book.

"Half-past ten," struck the little clock soberly, and "Half-past ten," sounded the big clock, with the conscious pride of one who has proved his point.

"How about the power of the sun now?" he inquired grandly, "I told you I'd show you."

Marie closed the book with a long sigh, uttered a dismayed exclamation at the

lateness of the hour, and with a despairing glance at the few lines on her paper, went slowly to her room.

"I'm sure I don't know why I looked at that book," she thought despondently, as she dropped off to sleep. "What shall I do in the morning?'

In the den, the little French clock glinted appealingly up at the moon—

Marie opened her eyes with a start. She was standing by a window at the back of Room 11; she was alone, but judging by the sounds overhead, would not be so for long.

"Nine o'clock!" she exclaimed, glancing at her watch, "and nobody here yet. This is a fine state of affairs."

"They'll be down any minute now," a silvery voice startled her by replying.

She turned swiftly, and there, balancing itself daintily on the window-ledge, was the minute hand of her own little French clock.

"The new cloak-rooms and auditorium for chapel are on the third floor," it explained obligingly, paying no attention to her start of surprise.

"That's a good idea," approved Marie, "but what will they say to me for not going?"

"Sh-h! Here they come," was the reply, "just slip me in your pocket and you'll be invisible."

She had barely time to obey when the door was opened and Mr. Morris entered, followed by the class.

"Translate first, Dave," began Mr. Morris, when they were settled for work.

Robinson arose, picked up his book, and with easy self-assurance, and graceful, appropriate gestures, read a page and a half of Cicero's speech Pro Lege Manila.

"Very well handled," Mr. Morris commented. "Go on, Allan!"

Allan complied promptly, and with military precision and perfect equanimity, continued two more pages of the oration.

Utterly astounded, Marie stifled a wild desire to laugh, and clutched the little hand in her pocket with incautious haste. Involuntarily she cried out at the sharp prick it gave her, and the whole scene vanished instantly from her sight.

She found herself walking down a spacious hall with the Biology class. They halted before a door marked "Botany," and Mr. Morrison admitted them to a large, airy room, flooded with sunshine, and equipped with every modern convenience in the line of microscopes, specimens and books of reference.

Marie gasped with surprise and delight, but the class took their places in a manner which proclaimed them to be entirely accustomed to their ideal surroundings.

When the period was over, Marie, urged on by her own curiosity, and encouraged by a friendly prick from the guiding hand in her pocket, followed Mr. Morrison into what proved to be the zoology class. Like the Botany room, it was large and sunny, and furnished to meet every requirement of the work. Mr. Morrison looked about him with an air of satisfaction, flicked an imaginary speck of dust from a shining specimen case near by, and then proceeded to the next room. Marie followed him eagerly, through the Physics Lab., with its convenient desks and up-to-date electrical fixtures, the Chemistry Lab., which was spotlessly clean and faultlessly equipped, to the last of the suite, the Mineralogy room, whose walls were lined with shelves of rare specimens. And as Mr. Morrison locked the last door behind him, his face wore the expression of a man whose dreams have come true.

Then in quick succession she attended a History class taught by Mr. McGarvin, who illustrated his lesson by the use of a profusion of maps which fitted conveniently into the side of the wall, and rolled up like so many window blinds; and a Mathematics class, in which Mr. Simpson demonstrated his patent method of inscribing circles. Passing out of Room 13, she noticed, fastened just under the telephone, what appeared to be a small black box. Above it was tacked a neat card, bearing the following limerick:—

There was a young person named Hull,
Who once said he found school life dull.
Now he edits the Vox, and his raven-
black locks,
Top a brain that oft longs for a lull.

Continued on page 42

THERE ARE NONE ∴ SO BLIND ∴

A traveller toil'd the mountain steep
An hour before the dawn,
That he might reach the distant height
Before the night was gone,
And there upon the mountain's brow,
In majesty untold
Might view once more the King of Day
His regal robes unfold.
And as he near'd a cabin rude
An aged shepherd spied
With bared head, and reverend mien,
And dim eyes gazing wide.

With thoughtful heed the stranger paused
Till the shepherd turned his head;
"No wish of mine to interrupt
Your hour of prayer," he said.
"Not so," the aged one replied,
"But, at each day's new birth,
For forty years I've doffed my cap
To the beauty of the earth."
O Wondrous words from simple lips,
Oh rare deep well of truth!
Ne'er fell more pregnant words of age
Upon the ears of youth.

For those who see, what loveliness!
What strains for those who hear!
What truths for the divining heart
Lie round us far and near!
The magic of the rainbow's hue,
The faint blush of the rose,
The mystery of opening buds,
A glad day's dewy close;
The whisper of the south wind sweet
O'er smiling landscapes borne,
The lowing of contented kine,
To greet the gladsome morn;
The lilting laugh of a child at play,
Sweet rest at a tired day's end;
The unfathom'd depth of mother love,
The handclasp of a friend.
Could we but see and hear and feel,
Could our souls but be unfurl'd,
Our heads would be forever bared
To the beauty of the world.

—Herbert E. Collins.

CARL J. MAIER, Editor.

IN keeping with the general tone of this issue, a tone that spells originality, we mention here a few names of men who at one time attended the Hamilton Collegiate Institute. They, being citizens of the world's highest type, we are justly proud in hailing them as alumni of our school.

Sir John Gibson, former Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, and now a most prominent citizen of our fair city; Major-General Sir S. C. Mewburn, former Minister of Militia; Major-General Logie, Justice of the Supreme Court; Dr. C. V. Roman, one of America's foremost medical authorities all attended old H.C.I. in former years. James Chisholm, the man, who in the main, is responsible for the fine painting of ex-Principal John Buchan, that hangs in the assembly hall, and F. W. Brennen gained their early education here. Both these men have taken an active interest in the school by donating medals to be contested for yearly by honour-year pupils. B. A. Cahoe and Norman De Witt, whose names appear on the tablet in the assembly hall as being winners of the First Proficiency and Prince of Wales Scholarship in successive years, are our alumni. The former is now a renowned surgeon in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md., and the latter is professor at Victoria College, Toronto.

Other illustrious graduates of our school are Judge Duff and Judge Gauld, both well-known administrators of justice, and Professors Adam Carruthers, J. T. Crawford and Charles Fields, of Toronto University. The first-named professor is the man partly responsible for the High School Latin Composition Book now in use, and Prof. J. T. Crawford is wholly responsible for the High School Algebra, now in vogue. J. A. McDonald, former editor of the Toronto Globe; J. P. Bell, general manager of the Bank of Hamilton, and Senator E. D. Smith, were former students at this institution. And last, but not least, our principal, J. B. Turner, and W. M. Logan, former classics master here, are both old boys of this school.

This list is far from complete, but it serves to show the prominence of our ex-students. May we, the present members of this fair institute, when graduation comes, go forth into the world and do as they, that have gone before us, have done and may we accomplish deeds that will cause a future generation to point to us with pride and say: "He belongs to the alumni of Hamilton Collegiate Institute."

Now, for our more recent graduates. "Bob" Ogilvy, winner of the Carter Scholarship last year, "Nig" Philpott and H. A. Peacock are at McGill University, Montreal.

Our quota of "would-be" doctors at Toronto University this year is fairly large, and includes Gordon Sinclair, Coburn Campbell, T. A. Sweet, J. M. Webb, Harry Peart and Albert Gies.

Those taking Arts at Toronto are Keith Waldron, ex-president of the Lyceum; Harry Wright, editor-in-chief of Christmas 1919 Vox; Harry Mutchmore, Leon Smith, R. S. Chaffe, W. Canary, R. H. Perry, H. M. Vance, C. Attridge and Fred Waddell; also the Misses Margaret Wingfield and Maud Johnson.

Ralph Biggar is in his first year at Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

Continued on page 60

CLARENCE DREW, Editor.

THE officers of the H.C.I. Athletic Association for the term ending June 1921, are as follows:

Hon. Presidents—Mr. J. B. Turner, B. A.; Capt. J. R. Cornelius.

President—Mr. M. J. McGarvin, B.A.

Vice-President—George R. Allan, Jr.

Secretary—Clarence H. Drew.

Treasurer—Mr. C. G. Beck, B.A.

Assistant Treasurer—Harry Hannon.

Committee—Messrs. E. S. Hogarth, B. A.; W. K. Foucar, M.A.; A. E. Hogarth, N. Walker, F. McKelvey, I. Francis.

An important change in the official staff of the Association will be noted. The position of president, in future, is to be occupied by a member of the faculty. This change was made in order to make the athletic body more responsible to the principal of the school.

A forward step was taken by the Athletic Association when it decided to develop and encourage all manner of athletics possible. Many students have left our halls in years past, who were unable to obtain distinction and honour as athletes, insomuch as the desired opportunity was lacking. Now the door of opportunity is wide open to all who are in a position to grasp the advantage. The addition of the track and field team to our major athletics provides ample opportunity for every ambitious student to obtain the coveted "Letter" of the H.C.I.

By the enthusiasm and interest displayed by the students during the past year in the varied events which have occurred, that long lost esprit de corps has at last come into its own. May it continue to increase with never-ceasing fidelity. The spirit is here. Let us retain it.

The basketball team was late in rounding into shape. It was not until after Christmas holidays that aspirants to catch places on the "reps" turned out to practice. Mr. Percy Dodson accepted the position of coach at the commencement of the season and certainly taught his athletes many fine points of the game, which they frequently demonstrated at every struggle. The games and results:

Reporter for Basketball—Harvey Hall.

St. Catharines C.I. 30 vs. H.C.I. 26.

The first game of the season was played at home with St. Catharines C.I. Collegiate started the game checking hard and numerous fouls resulted, mostly in favor of St. Kitts. During the first five minutes play was even, then St. Kitts made a spurt and took a commanding lead. But with a few minutes to go Collegiate come to life and almost evened the count. The half ended with H.C.I. one point down in a 16-15 score.

In the second half both teams attempted to gain an early lead, but failed. First the score was tie, then St. Kitts broke away, tie again, and then Collegiate forged to the front. With but five minutes to go

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the visitors gained a four-point lead which the "reps" were unable to overcome. The line-up:

St. Catharines C.I.		H.C.I.
Holland	Forwards	Lloyd
Schenk		Willard
Sullivan		Allan
Gregg..	Defence	Hannon
Doucette		Pickard
Farmer		Maier
Barber..	Centre	Robinson

East High, Rochester, N.Y., 47 v. H.C.I. 15

This is the first American team that has ever entered Hamilton to compete against the H.C.I. While making a scheduled trip to Niagara Falls, the team from across the border favored us with an exhibition game on the large "Y" gymnasium. Although the large crowd that witnessed the battle was disappointed with the outcome they declared that it was a wonderful game. When play commenced it looked as though the teams were evenly matched, but Rochester soon broke away, and with short, snappy passes and brilliant combination, they were peppering the H.C.I. basket from all sides. Hannon, our regular defence man and captain, suffering from a twisted ankle, was greatly missed by his team. At half time the score stood 20-8 in favor of Rochester.

In the second half Collegiate again got off to a good start and for a time checked their opponents with success. The Harrington-Uhlin combination of the visitors completely dazzled the "reps," who showed lack of combination and practice, many passes being intercepted and turned into goals for the visitors. After the bombardment had ceased and the sky had cleared of cheers the Americans were on top 47-15.

Collegiate were hopelessly outclassed from the start. The East High team is a wonderful working machine, their passing, shooting and checking being of the very best variety. It would take teams of senior calibre to beat them. Although the "reps" were badly beaten it was not a disgrace. Every man on the team worked hard from beginning to end. Not a person left the "Y" but expressed his opinion that it was the best game staged in many a day by the Collegiate. The refereeing was a huge success at every turn. "Bert" McKay handled the whistle to the entire satisfaction of all. The line-up:

East High—Forwards, Uhlin, Boyce and Harriman; centre, Roberts; defence, Rapp, Hill and Brugler.

H.C.I.—Forwards, Willard, Lloyd and Laidman; centre, Robinson; defence, Pickard, Maier and Allan.

H.C.I. 37 vs. Brantford C.I. 22.

Our first victory of the season happened away from home, when we took a fall out of B.C.I. The game followed a preliminary between the girls' teams from the two schools. Throughout the evening both schools exchanged their pet yells; but the victory of the rooters must go to "Bert" Challen, leader of the H.C.I. Rooters' Club, and his band of ear-splitting screechers. Collegiate's superiority was evident from the start and in the first half they simply walked away from their opponents who seemed to lack a sense of touch, or an eye for the basket when they did smother a ball. At the end of the half Collegiate led by 19-6.

In the second half Collegiate loosened their defensive tactics with the result that Brantford began to creep up. However they did not get very far, for the loose defence was offset by strong attack which brought an easy victory. Although they outscored the home team by only two points in the final half many opportunities to score were passed up. The line-up:

B.C.I.		H.C.I.
Lambert	Forwards	Willard
Adams		Allan
Ziegler		Lloyd
Wallace	Defence	Hannon
Rogers		Pickard
		Maier
Bier	Centre	Robinson

Brantford C.I. 30 vs. H.C.I. 20

Local students received a rude jolt when B.C.I. walked into Hamilton and defeated the H.C.I., after the trimming Brantford received at home. From the outset a close

"REPS" BASKETBALL TEAM

P. Dodson (Coach); C. Maier, G. Willard, G. Allan, G. Robinson, V. Pickard, W. Lloyd, H. Hannon (Captain); Capt. Cornelius (Manager).

contest was expected when the "reps" were unable to make their shots count. In this respect Brantford excelled and rarely missed an opportunity to score. The shooting of the "reps" was far below par and helped them along to defeat Nevertheless the issue was always in doubt until the last five minutes of play. Every time Collegiate scored B.C.I. came back with another, until the final whistle blew, the score reading 30-20 against us.

"Baldy" Laidman, an old boy and former basketball star of the school, filled the referee's position like an old-timer. The line-up:

B.C.I.		H.C.I.
Lambert	Forwards	Willard
Adams		Allan
Ziegler		Lloyd
Wallace	Defence	Maier
Rogers		Pickard
Bier	Centre	Robinson

Ridley College 22 vs. H.C.I. 46

Our old friends and annual rivals from Ridley went back to St. Catharines with a defeat chalked up against them. The teams appeared evenly matched when play commenced. It was not long before the boys from Ridley were frantically jump-

ing about in a vain attempt to keep up to the "reps'" speed and combination. With a wide open defence staring them in the face, H.C.I. could not resist piling up the score and practically won the game in the first half with the score 24-1.

In the second half Ridley tightened their defence, but were unable to locate the basket, only about a quarter of their shots counting. Our boys also seemed unable to find the hidden circle. The excitement of the game was all in the second frame when Ridley began to pile up a score, as they fought hard to make the result as light as possible. The line-up:

Ridley College		H.C.I.
McKenzie	Forwards	Allan
Price		Lloyd
Robinson		Fowler
Carew	Defence	Maier
Hyslop		Hannon
Asthough		Pickard
Bright	Centre	Robinson

H.C.I. 19, St. Catharines C.I. 21

The whole Collegiate team played the return game at St. Kitts absolutely determined to make up for their defeat at home. From the first toss-up until the final bell sounded the team fought stubbornly. The referee appeared a shade incapable in handling the whistle, as he usually hesitated in his decision. When these hesitations began to favor Collegiate they were useless, as the game was too near its end. Aside from the foul shots, H.C.I. outscored their opponents 16-10, which just about indicates the difference between the two teams while in actual play. In the last half St. Catharines scored only one lone basket while Collegiate started in to gain a lead. Their sprint came too late. The final whistle blew just as the St. Kitts team began to break and Collegiate was staging a fierce attack. The line-up:

H.C.I.		St. Catharines C.I.
Willard	Forwards	Holland
Lloyd		Shenk
Fowler		Sullivan
Pickard	Defence	Gregg
Maier		Doucette
Allan		Farmer
Robinson	Centre	Barber

SOMETHING PERSONAL

A few briefs on the wise and otherwise of the "reps":

Hannon, a veteran of several seasons, was unanimously chosen captain, and rightly so. Whenever in the game his presence was always a steadying influence to his team-mates and he usually played a brilliant game at defence.

Pickard, at defence, has a style all his own. His snap-jump at rebounds from the basket is a sensation whenever he attempts it.

Maier plays the game for all that's in it. A basketball is absolutely at home in his hand. At defence, maximum results with minimum effort appears his slogan.

Lloyd, the only other member of last year's "undefeateds," plays a great game when in good condition. He displays good combination on the forward line.

Allan, also a forward, checks back hard and a basket is certain if his opponent ever relaxes his vigilant watch.

Willard is small in size, but manages to play pretty combination with his forward-mate. At St. Kitts he showed them all how to drop a basket from all angles.

Fowler, at forward, was not given much chance to show his real worth. From all indications he has a sure eye for the basket.

Robinson, at centre, plays a hard-checking, determined game. When he puts his mind on his work he usually gets excellent results.

HOCKEY

Hockey has enjoyed a more successful season this term than it has for over six years. Although the management encountered much difficulty in obtaining suitable practice hours at the Arena, nevertheless the team indulged in at least one work-out a week. From the host of material available it was regrettable that a school league of some sort could not have been arranged. If the school had only possessed an out-door rink many clever hockey players could no doubt have been developed, and a successful hockey league formed; as it was, only those who had experience in previous years were able to make the team because of the

practice inconvenience. Norman Walker was chosen manager of hockey for the season. From the first he worked hard to bring to light the school's hockey talent. Although many obstacles hindered the movements of hockey, he made a better success of the game than has been known for a number of years past.

The "reps' " hockey team was composed of the following:

Left wing ..... Pickard
Right wing ..... Fowler
Left defence ..... Caldwell
Right defence ..... Robinson
Centre ..... O'Reilly
Goal ..... Drew
Substitutes.....Tuck, Millar and Brown

Old Boys 2, H.C.I. 5

The first game of the season against the Old Boys attracted a large number of fans. From the start the issue was never in doubt. The Old Boys showed lack of team play, while Collegiate combined prettily. The speed of H.C.I. was another factor toward the defeat of the "has beens."

Ridley 9, H.C.I. 1

When the team journeyed to Ridley they met real opposition in the husky "firsts" of the College. The ice conditions were bad and the lighting system very poor. In the first period Ridley scored four. In the second Collegiate surprised all present by displaying a sensational brand of hockey, outscoring their opponents 1-0. The rest between periods was all that Ridley needed and they came back strong, set a dizzy pace, and made victory safe by scoring five more counters.

Hustlers1, H.C.I. 4

The next game, against Hustlers, was productive of some brilliant plays. At first it looked as though Hustlers had the edge, when they scored the first and only tally of the initial period. After the first rest interval Collegiate came to life, and in the second period checked their opponents incessantly, outscoring them 3-0 on speedy rushes. In the last session H.C.I. again out-skated and out-checked Hustlers at every turn, although they accounted for only a single point.

The captain of the team and the star centre player was without doubt responsible for the good showing of the team. A fast skater, a neat stick-handler, and a brainy centre, John O'Reilly stood head and shoulders above his team-mates. In each game he put every available ounce of energy into the play, creating that spirit of "pep" which helps so many teams on to victory. Also, as a member of the St. Joseph's hockey team he again increased his status as a star at centre.

On account of the surplus of players left, after the seniors had picked their team, an intermediate team was formed. As is usually the case, nothing is visible but the seniors. Accordingly, the "ints" were not supported as they might have been during the season. The members of the team, however, still possess the consolation that next year their chance will come to reverse their role. After several practices had conditioned them, they played home and home games with Dundas. The results:

Dundas 1 vs. H.C.I. 2.
H.C.I. 0 vs. Dundas 4.

THE TRACK MEET

Thursday, March 10, 1921—the date of the International Track Meet—will be a memorable day in the history of events at the old H.C.I. The picked team from Baltimore City College, of Baltimore, Maryland, provided the keenest competition in a most exciting and close race for the possession of the silver cup, donated by the Hamilton Board of Education to be retained permanently by the champions. This cup is emblematic of premier honours in competition between Baltimore and Hamilton every second year. Next year H.C.I. will return the visit. The largest crowd in the records of the school witnessed the affair, over three thousand enthusiasts passing the turnstiles.

The programme of the evening was headed by a snappy display of calisthenics by a group of Collegiate boys in gymnasium regalia. The almost perfect rhythm of the exhibition was a pleasure to wit-

Continued on page 59

EXCHANGES

"WHERE OTHERS PICK THE 'VOX' TO PIECES"

ORMANDE BARRETT, Editor.

WE are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

"The Collegian," St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, St. Thomas, Ont.; "The Carnation," Wm. McKinley High School, St. Louis, Mo.; "The Weekly Original," Marietta High School, Marietta, Ohio; "The Record," High School, Sioux City, Iowa; "Oakwood Oracle," Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ont.; "Brandon College Quill," Brandon College, Brandon, Manitoba; "The Dart," Ashtabula High School, Ashtabula, Ohio; "The Comet," Danville High School, Danville, Va.; "The Review," The Newton High School, Newtonville, Mass.; "Western Canada College Review," Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.; "The Blue and White," Port Hope High School, Port Hope, Ont.; "The Lake Lodge Record," Lake Lodge School, Grimsby, Ont.; "Acta Ridleiana," Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.; "The Puppet," Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburg, Pa.; "The Trinity University Review," Trinity College, Toronto, Ont.; "Keramos," East Liverpool High School, East Liverpool, Ohio; "Acadia Athenaeum," Wolfville High School, Wolfville, N.S.; "Macdonald College Magazine," Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue, Que.; "Thistle," Scott High School, Toledo, Ohio.

"The Collegian."—Your issue always welcome. Your "Poet's Corner" especially worthy of mention. Your editorials and other departments of your literary life well developed. The headings could be enlivened by a few cuts. Another page of Cartoons to balance your amount of literary material would make a decided improvement.

"The Carnation."—One of the best papers that we receive. Your editorials are splendid, and your athletic "write-up" is one to be proud of. Your "Senior Identification Table" is worthy of special mention. We are confident you have one of the best all-round magazines in the States. Come again!

"The Weekly Original."—A neat and compact little weekly paper. A few more cuts or photographs would tend to make it a very interesting paper. More jokes would do no harm.

"The Record."—A splendid weekly. If your advertisement were not mixed up so promiscuously with your reading matter it would look much neater. Why not a few snapshots. They would enliven your paper.

"Oakwood Oracle."—A bright magazine, full of "pep." Congratulations on your successful field day, but watch us! One or two pages of cartoons would be another good means of dispensing your humour, besides your "Locals." A few, interesting, short stories would make your magazine worthy of any of the best schools in the land.

"Brandon College Quill."—A fine, little publication. Your stories are very fine, but where is your exchange column? Why not a regular "Joke" column? Your magazine could be greatly improved. Call again!

"The Dart."—You are to be congratulated on your snappy magazine. Why not a few more jokes and a picture of your staff? Don't fail to remember us next time.

"The Comet."—The Comet has a good start toward becoming a top-notch paper. Your stories are excellent, but why not some more jokes and a few cartoons?

"The Review."—A typical High School paper, but it could be greatly improved. Why not classify your literary material, have a few more jokes and create an index to the contents?

"Western Canada College Review."—We gladly welcome this Western paper. Your stories are excellent and your editorials superb. However, we have tried in vain to find any cuts or photographs of your staff. Why not put your columns at the head of each page instead of beginning in the middle? The size of the print used is decidedly smaller than any we have seen heretofore. Be sure to send us your next issue.

"The Blue and White."—Altogether "The Blue and White" is one of our best exchanges. Your column headed "Form Notes" is especially worthy of mention. It is very well classified. We wish your paper every success. Au revoir.

"The Lake Lodge Record."—Your paper is splendid, but it is given up entirely to sports. We are looking for great improvements in this magazine. Good luck!

"Acta Ridleiana." — Congratulations, Acta! Your paper is a credit to "Ridley." Your "Sports" department is unsurpassed by any other exchange we have received. You could improve it by a few more interesting editorials and a good index.

"The Puppet."—Your magazine certainly has a great deal of "pep," and your joke department is fully developed. However, the jokes are not up to even the average standard. A great deal of work is needed in your literary departments, and less work on those jokes.

"The Trinity University Review."—Your monthly publication is always received with pleasure by us. Your poem, "Leif the Lucky," is a poem for which one would have to search diligently 'ere its equal could be found. Remember us next time!

"Keramos."—An excellent monthly edition. Your athletic department is exceedingly well edited, but where are your index and cartoons? We expect to see them next issue.

"Acadia Athenaeum."—There are several things we appreciate about "Acadia Athenaeum." First, your literary department shows a brilliancy and directness of thought which is surpassed only by a very small number of other exchanges. Also your athletic section is especially commendable. We congratulate you on the success of your play, "The Man on the Box." But where are the cartoons and personals? Room for improvement in these features.

"Macdonald College Magazine."—Full of enthusiasm and p-e-p. We admire your motto, "Mastery for Service." Your article on "Cow-punching" needs special mention. Every department is fully represented except "Jokes"—you need a few more of them. We are anxiously waiting for your next number.

"Thistle."—Your stories are snappy and interesting. Those cartoons are one of the best features of the issue—humorous and original. We are glad to say we can offer no adverse criticism on your book. Come again!

BEHIND THE SCENES

Frank H. Smye.

THE great event had arrived at last, February the 18th, a date not historically noteworthy, but histrionically —oh! that's it! That was the chosen date for the Collegiate play, the social event of the season. That evening the halls were thronged with eager faces, impatiently waiting to see what talent the school harboured. The gigantic posters had not flared for three weeks, in the halls of the great old school, in vain.

The pictures of the cast were ably cartooned by our talented (?) young artist, Wm. McCullough. Although very handsome indeed, the picture represents a view, not unlike Miss Nellie Jones' bible class, out for a good time. From the advertising, the students expected a play about as humorous as Macbeth, as the posters were tragic, nay—positively pathetic. On the largest bill the hero, Brighton Early, was gaily decorated with a pair of bristling moustaches, of which the ex-Kaiser of Germany would have been justly proud. Opposite him, on the same bill, Professor Solomon Spiggot was gifted with a highly intelligent countenance, besprinkled with side burns, tortoise-shell glasses, and all the paraphernalia which represented the futurist idea of what a college professor should be. The pictures of the ladies of the cast would have made Harrison Fisher and Sir Joshua Reynolds green with envy. Little Angelina appeared strangely like one of Raphael's angels about to take wings of the morning and soar through the billowy clouds to a better world. But Aunt Paradise, yes, poor old Aunt Paradise, was portrayed strikingly, with cheeks, oh what cheeks. Well, they reminded me of a page out of a doctor's book showing a collo'd lady with a bad attack of the mumps. Yea, verily, the artist had a very poor conception of the cast. In spite of this, and the fact that our genial business manager, George Allan, refused credit, the seats sold like hot cakes. On Friday not a seat remained; that is not a reserved seat for our patrician patrons—as for the plebeian hordes, search the potter's field, er,—rather the rush seats.

The dressing rooms were both numerous, costly and beautiful. There were two of them. The young ladies had a wonderful salon d'art. It was nicely decorated with numerous etchings and paintings of grapes, angels, horses and other choice objects d'art. The gentlemen (?) were assigned a little room, very cosy, I'm sure, with a temperature of about zero degrees absolute. After the leading man 'Andsome (H) Ed. 'ull as the matinee girls called him, had stepped on Malachi Meek's eyebrows, and kicked Professor Spiggot's side-burns all over the room, he was forcibly ejected and told to seek a "better 'ole." Likewise poor Miss Longnecker was exiled from both dressing rooms. She had to find neutral quarters for herself and her evening gowns.

Imagine the art student trying to work in such a bizarre atmosphere. It was Bohemian, to say the least. One budding artist was outlining a picture of "the Soul of a Lily." Just at that moment a coon cook lady passed the door in an elaborate costume of red, yellow and black, garnished with green spots. Another chap, illustrating Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard, saw a bevy of beautiful damsels fox-trotting up and down the halls. To use, if I may, a hackneyed expression, "such is the irony of fate."

The curtain has gone up. A hush falls over the audience. The would-be actors and actresses await their turn, trembling the while, in the wings. Their knees knock together. In trying to repeat the cue, the old familiar lines fail them. Their tongues are so dry that the words refuse to come. Stage fright for the moment is about to fling its magic spell over the cast. Then looking out from a hole in the curtain—yes, there were many—,our actors and actresses see pa and ma and the whole

family in the front row of the rush seats. They had paid for all their tickets providing they should applaud in the right places. After being on the stage a few moments, they gained possession of their faculties and made such a hit that even the "cattiest" person in the audience could not say "I told you so; I knew that nut would spoil the show.'

While one of the members of the cast was running down to change costumes, (I wonder who it was?), somebody opened the glass door in the art room and, like Annette Kellerman, this little actor made a perfect dive through the glass. One of the art students wanted to paint a picture of this little scene and call it "Through the Looking Glass and What Alice found There." But the scene was copyrighted by Realart Pictures, Ltd.

The play went off perfectly. The applause was deafening. Yes, the relations of the cast certainly did their duty nobly. Two catastrophes, however, were witnessed by those back stage. Some stage door Johnny sent little Miss Longnecker an invitation for a little supper after the show. Of course she had to refuse, as she is far too young to be going out with boys. Then Chops Spigot, while looking into the audience to see if his sweetheart was there, lost his balance and only for the kindly aid of his sister, Eupepsia, would have fallen over on top of the orchestra. Chops received a scolding from his mother, Mrs. Spiggot, and was promised a thrashing by his father as soon as they returned home.

Some of the cast received bouquets of roses, orchids (?), violets, and dandelions. Other members received bouquets, but alas! they didn't smell of violets. Billy Jackson received a spray of daffodils and onions, while Aunt Paradise's gentlemen friends sent her a delightful corsage of cabbage, onions, and, the unkindliest cut of all, a piece of garlic.

CURTAIN.

MOLES MENTEM AGITAT

Continued from page 30

"That," explained the little hand, as Marie stopped to laugh, and examined the box curiously, "is a dictograph; they are in all the rooms, for the use of members of the Vox and Lyceum staffs who are forced to miss classes. A record of the lesson is taken on a disc, and—"

Just then Ed Hull entered hastily, opened the box and removed half-a-dozen records. "I think this is all I missed today," he murmured, "I'll run them off on the Victrola to-night," and slipping them carefully into an envelope, he left the room.

And now she was attending a Lyceum meeting in the crowded auditorium. A splendid program was presented, at the conclusion of which, the treasurers of the Vox and Lyceum each reported a large surplus in the bank to the credit of their respective organizations.

When she recovered from the shock of this amazing intelligence, she found herself in the splendid big gymnasium. There, as one of the surging crowd of spectators, she eagerly applauded the various events in an athletic exhibition, in which the contestants covered themselves and the school with glory. A thrilling basket-ball game, won by the H.C.I. in the last two minutes, brought them all to their feet, and the walls re-echoed, as again and again, with wild enthusiasm, they followed Challen's leadership in the old Phi Ki Si.

"Six o'clock," chimed the little French clock merrily, and "Six o'clock," the old Grandfather clock sounded, humbly.

The door was softly opened, and Marie entered on tip-toe.

"Such a wonderful dream," she was explaining happily. "I believe I can finish my essay in time after all," and seizing a pencil she began to write.

Puzzled, but unconvinced, the big clock looked across at his rival.

"How did you do it?" he asked.

For answer, the little French clock pointed one slender hand at the calendar. There, beneath the date of the preceding day was printed:

"Partial eclipse of the sun, commencing 10.30 p.m."

MILITARY MATTERS

MAJOR GEO. R. ALLAN, Jr., Editor.

THIS column should be written for the New York Sun, as we are chiefly concerned with prophecy and "The Prophet is not without honour save in his own country." There has not been much activity since the last issue of this paper, but there is plenty of action promised for the near future.

However, we will first speak of what has taken place. The place of greatest activity has been the rifle-range. Every day, after four o'clock, the crack of the .22 rifles can be heard in the gallery in the basement. The Board of Education has bought us two new rifles, and good use is being made of them. The teams for the Imperial Challenge Shield Competition are being chosen and we are getting a good idea of where the promising material for the future lies.

Five of the prominent men of this city have established a trust fund and the interest from this money is to be used to pay the expenses of the five best shots in the school to the Ontario Rifle Association meet in the summer. Needless to say, there is very keen competition for these places.

The Ordnance Department has sent us ten service rifles for outdoor shooting, and as soon as the weather is suitable we will be practising on the ranges at West Hamilton. The conditions for practising shooting have improved greatly in this city of late, and there is no reason why the Collegiate should not be well represented at the rifle meets this summer. The officers of the 13th Regiment have been very kind to us in the past, both in allowing us to practice on their ranges and in loaning us rifles. We take this opportunity to thank them and assure them that we will always be truly loyal to the Regiment.

Another place where great things have taken place is the Stores Department. Upon the advice of our new quartermaster, James Houlden, we asked the Board of Education to fix up the armory. They took hold of the matter with characteristic energy and we now have an armory, the like of which was never dreamed of in this school before. And we might say at this point that the room is not the only excellent part of that department. We have a quartermaster who is absolute perfection.

Speaking of officers' uniforms they play the leading part in the biggest sensation of the year. We have new ones. They are the regulation army officers' material and cut, and are made to order.

This year we will have two inspections, one in April and one in May. In April we will be inspected by Sir Henry Birdsall, Inspector-General of Canada. This will be merely a straight military inspection.

Continued on page 60

F. KORTSMAN, Editor.

ON January 6th the Girls' Athletic Association was re-organized. Games were played in the gymnasium, after which a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all, Miss Brown, Miss Edwards and Miss Christie being present.

Our Interscholastic League has been playing a series of interesting games in the Collegiate gym. The first of these was played on Friday, January 7th. The Collegiate "Uppers" won from Grimsby High School by two points, the Grimsby girls playing under protest, as our girls were playing with the captain of their other team.

Continued on page 61

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

M. Walker, (Captain); A. Wingfield, G. Ross, L. Davidson, E. Gillies, R. MacDonald, F. Kortsman, G. Russell, Miss M. Edwards, Coach.

For perfect developing and brilliant prints take films to

THORA McILROY, Editor.

A Girl's Retrospect

FOUR years in the Collegiate! What a flood of sensations surges over one as she thinks back, and ponders what it will mean in the coming years.

Who can forget the temerity with which she first crossed the Collegiate threshold? It seemed the gateway of a life so full with promise. Soon the feeling of awe melted into a delightful abandon, and realization of a larger self. A sense of deliverance from the autocracy of one teached accentuated this sense of abandon, and as each master appeared in turn to give instructions for his class, one felt she had outgrown the narrow confines of the public school, and had entered into a new world whose boundaries were vaster than of anything yet dreamed.

Then election time came! How grown-up she felt to be able to vote and have some say in the government of the Lyceum. This, truly, was her first step towards final independence and self-reliance; and to the one who was nominated as candidate, the sense of leadership was born within her soul. Oh these delightful thrills of early Collegiate experience!

As in childhood days one climbed a tree, and on reaching the place where the trunk divided, looked out in wonderment among the branches, so, in entering the Collegiate, when one has finished her first day, and has been introduced to the various avenues of study, she realizes that she has stepped from the basic rudiments of the "Three R's," to the breadth of opportunity, which lies hidden in the world of science and the beauties of the classics. For the first time her initiative, judgment and self-reliance are called into being.

But as she goes from year to year, she finds more and more that propriety gentleness and decorum are demanded of her, in place of the irresponsible, but much-loved tom-boy pranks. But the final year has its compensations. One of the most consoling is that growing sense of seniority, which makes her feel she has left behind the swaddling clothes of intellectual infancy, and gives her a growing feeling of kinship with her teacher.

Now social ideals spring into life and the desire to be the most winsome type of young womanhood possesses her. This social development is indeed an important factor in a girl's school career. To many it is the last opportunity of living constantly in a group of people with kindred ideals and aspirations. Later in the pursuit of her career, the touch of the outside world too soon seeks to tear away these beautiful ideals and flights of fancy of the student life. Thus the real value of her education is her strength of character to maintain these ideals. And so—

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

W. E. HILL & BRO., 90 King St. West, Kodaks & Supplies

CAST OF "THE HOODOO"

C. MAIER, F. INGLIS, T. McILROY, Editors.

THE HOODOO

ON Friday evening, February 18th, 1921, before one of the largest crowds that ever filed into the assembly hall, the Hamilton Collegiate Lyceum successfully presented "The Hoodoo," a farce in three acts, from the pen of Walten Ben Hare.

To say it was a success, is expressing the matter mildly, for according to critics, it was the best and finest amateur theatrical endeavour seen in Hamilton for many a year. Much praise is due the directors, Messrs. Collins, Morrison and Foucar, and the clever cast, for the capable way in which the play was presented.

The play opens at Mrs. Perrington-Shine's summer home. Brighton Early (Edward Hull) and Amy Lee (Margaret Hughson) are about to be married. Billy Jackson (Gordon Anderson), a sentimental guest, appears to have won the hearts of all the young ladies present, but he pays special attention to Doris Ruffles, Amy's maid of honour (Lorna Cowan). The arrival of Professor Soloman Spiggot, an Egyptologist, and later of Dodo de Graft, an actress, who threatens to sue the intended groom for breach of promise, starts the trouble.

In the second act, Dun, the burglar, is introduced. His taking ways are the cause of much alarm to superstitious Aunt Paradise. Brighton Early has cleverly represented Dodo as the wife of Professor Spiggot and has thus averted suspicion from himself. The arrival of Semiramus Spiggot, the Professor's real wife, results in a strange mix-up. Trouble falls thick and fast on Billy Jackson, as he has caused three young ladies to believe that he is engaged to each. Furthermore, Dun has ingeniously cast suspicion on him as being the purloiner of Mrs. Ima Clinger's necklace. At this juncture the curtain falls.

In the last act the different snares are disentangled. Dodo is revealed as the wife of Dun. Harmony once more reigns supreme in the Spiggot household. Billy and Doris settle their differences and intend to be married on the morrow. As for Brighton and Amy, we see them, as the curtain falls, in each other's arms, happy, at last, after their many tribulations.

So endeth this tale as many another hath ended—"they lived happily ever after."

The leads were portrayed by Margaret Hughson and Edward Hull. Miss Hughson handled her part admirably, winning, by her clever acting and charming personality, a warm spot in the hearts of her audience. Gordon Anderson, as Billy Jackson, the heart-breaker, was splendid, revealing himself as an actor of fine ability. Frank Smye, as Aunt Paradise, and Harry Townsend, as Hemachus Spiggot, supplied

the humour. Frank, as the "colored cook lady," was hilariously funny, keeping his audience rocking with laughter both at his antics on the stage and at his make-up, which was exceptionally clever. Harry, as the unsophisticated youth, Hemachus, also produced much laughter by his droll interpretation of the part. Catharine Robinson, as Dodo de Graft, acted a most difficult role in a very acceptable manner, showing herself a performer of no mean ability. Dave Robinson, as Professor Soloman Spiggot, was clearly in his element, portraying his part in finished style.

The other members of the cast, each and every one of whom aided toward the excellency of the production, were as follows: Thora McIlroy, as Lulu, the maid; Grace Miller, as Angelina Clinger; Raymond Shea, as Malachi Meek; Sally Brennan, as Mrs. Perrington-Shine; Norma Whelan, as Gwendolyn Perrington-Shine; Marjorie Cornell, as Mrs. Ima Clinger; Ormande Barrett, as Miss Longnecker; William McCulloch, as Dun, the burglar; Helen Gardner, as Mrs. Semiramus Spiggot, and Irene Berkley, as Eupepsia Spiggot.

For those who shared in the production of the play, whether on the stage or behind the scenes, a most enjoyable conclusion to their respective contributions to the evening's pronounced success was a dainty and much appreciated supper.

All the arrangements for this were made and supervised by Thora McIlroy, who deserves great credit for the effective way in which all the necessary details were combined to produce a very delightful whole.

Supper was served at 11.30 o'clock in the study room, which was tastefully decorated in the school colors, red and black.

Those present included, in addition to this year's and last year's casts, Principal and Mrs. Turner, Vice-Principal and Mrs. Hogarth, the directors of the play; Messrs. Collins, Morrison and Foucar, to whose able and untiring advice and supervision success was so largely due. Mr. and Mrs. McGarvin, Mrs. Foucar and Miss Christie were also present. To the latter is due much thanks for her invaluable assistance in the sale of tickets, and for her varied and kindly co-operation.

After grace had been said by Principal Turner, the president of the Lyceum, Dave Robinson, extended cordial welcome to the guests. When full justice had been done to the good things provided, Dave Robinson feelingly expressed the sincere appreciation felt by all for the unstinted and effective aid which had been given by the three directors, and as a momento of the happy occasion and token of gratitude, presented each of these gentlemen with an engraved silver pencil.

After these gifts had been suitably acknowledged by the recipients, the president also expressed the thanks of the Lyceum to Principal Turner for his sympathetic and cordial co-operation, the principal replying in a very happy vein.

The thanks which all felt to be due were extended to the stage manager, Warren Lloyd, the electrician, "Rouge" Caldwell, the business manager, George Allan, the property man, Fred Inglis, and the two stage assistants, Allan Kompass and Alfred Ward, for the efficient way in which each had contributed to the success of the evening. George Allan was requested to convey the thanks of all concerned to the cadets, who had acted as ushers. Special mention was made of the courtesies generously extended by Mr. Wall, of the Lyric; Mr. Whelan, of The Arcade; Minden's, Limited, Kent, Garvin and Co., and Mr. Gordon, of the Art School.

The supper over, the assembled company enjoyed an impromptu dance in the assembly hall.

Since the play this year was such an overwhelming success, may we not hope that a play may be staged by the Collegiate students each year, as an annual affair.

A Kodak Store interested in you—HILL'S, 90 King West.

THE DANCE

THE night of March the eleventh will long be remembered by some five hundred pupils and ex-pupils of the H.C.I. It was the occasion of the annual Collegiate At Home—a joyous climax to the week's activities. The hall was beautifully decorated with the Allied flags, draped in "butterfly" fashion, and the happy couples whiled away the evening hours to the delightful music of Chamberlain's orchestra.

At times, the hall was brilliantly lighted, then dimmed for the moonlight waltzes, and again, lighted only by the multi-coloured spot-light. Punch was served at both entrances.

During intermission novelties were distributed. Everyone blew a horn, or spun a cracker,—or did both. Some had balloons and whistles, while others attempted to make music with humophones.

Dancing was then resumed. The lights were dimmed, and, as from a fairy hand, balloons floated down from the sky-light, and the variegated colours when played upon by the spotlight, presented a dreamy spectacle. All too soon the strains of "Down the Trail to Home Sweet Home" announced the time of departure, bringing to a close one of the most successful social events in the school's life. In conjunction with all those present, it seemed as if the Union Jacks, that had been used as decorations, straightened with the first note of the National Anthem.

The patronesses were: Mesdames F. R. Close, J. B. Turner, E. S. Hogarth, M. J. McGarvin, B. L. Simpson, A. W. Morris, G. L. Johnston.

The success of the ball may be justly credited to the committee and to our principal and the teachers who, by their co-operation, made possible the holding of the dance.

The committee in charge were:

Printing—D. A. Robinson (chairman).

Music and Program—Miss T. McIlroy.

Novelties—Miss M. Cornell.

Decorations—Miss L. Cowan.

Refreshments—Miss G. McConnell.

Floor—Warren Lloyd.

Finance—Geo. R. Allan.

Lighting Effects—Ed. Hull and Fred. Inglis.

Signs—"Bill" McCulloch.

O. Barrett and V. Pickard also gave valuable assistance.

The beautiful lamps, used as stage decorations, were loaned by the Popular Priced Electricians, and their generosity is much appreciated by the committee.

There was one regret, however, inasmuch as our Baltimore friends were unable to remain for the dance, having to leave for London to contest for honours there.

THE PREFERENCE DECLARED

Boy, I detest the Persian pomp;
I hate those linden-bark devices;
And as for roses, holy Moses!
They can't be got at living prices!
Myrtle is good enough for us,—
For you, as bearer of my flagon;
For me, supine beneath this vine,
Doing my best to get a jag on!

:-: AND HE DID :-:

By H. Lightstone, Room T-3, H.C.I.

He was just a little chap
Like you'd nurse upon your lap,
And the night was very dark and very dim;
The moon, it wasn't out,
And the ghosts were all about,
And the dark clouds showed not even silv'ry rim;
His little heart was stout,
Although no moon was out,
And the brightness of the starlight was all hid;
Tho' his teeth, they chattered fast,
He bravely said at last,
"I'm going through that churchyard,"—and he did!
The mountain rose up high,
And it seemed to reach the sky,
And the snow upon the top was gleaming white;
He was very small and frail,
And his face was thin and pale,
But the light within his eye was shining bright;
He looked up to the top,
Determined not to stop,
And though he sometimes stumbled, sometimes slid,
He went up, brave of heart,
For he meant to do his part,
And he said, "I'll reach that summit,"—and he did!
He was not much more than boy,
Hardly fit for war's employ,
But he had a heart that didn't know of fear;
A dispatch had to be sent one day,
To the colonel, far away,
And the captain said, "Boy's, who will volunteer?"
The shots came from the foe,
But he answered, "Sir, I'll go."
He bravely volunteer'd, though not bid;
He said, "If I am hit,
I shall have done my bit;
So I'm going to take that message,"—and he did!

AD REGINAM URBIUM

Prize Poem by Irene M. Cole, Room II

City of the Caesars,
Whose mouldering ruins still proclaim
Memories of those great emperors' reign;
This arched gate-way
Perchance was sometime triumph of a Scipio,
Whose helmeted head now is dust. And so
Life's ironies are manifest.
Here is Trajan's column on its marble base,
Proud monument to one of that mighty race;
Thy Forum now is silent,
From whose sculptured rostra once was heard
Eloquence by fiery patriotism stirred;
Thy crumbling colosseum
Rises tier on tier, to flaunt its noble walls
To our admiring gaze. And the yellow Tiber crawls
O'er its rocky way
Caressing its banks, even as it crawled centuries before,
Still remembering, while we forget, the majesty
That was Rome.

THIS IS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

Mr. Bill McCullough wishes to announce that he will no longer be responsible for any debts contracted by his wife, Mrs. Dun, nee Dodo de Graft.

Miss Thora McIlroy:

Dear Thora,—You wish to know if the study of electricity is difficult. Ask "Rouge." He knows everything.

Mr. Gordon Anderson:

Yes, Gordon, it would be advisable for you to stop drinking coffee. Try cocoa for a change. Any good brand, such as —er— Cowan's, is recommended.

Mr. Dave Robinson begs to announce to all his friends and female admirers that he was only acting in the Collegiate play, and that he is not married at all.

Mr. Frank McKelvey:

Dear Frank,—Some one wrote us to say that as a football player you would make a good butcher. Of course we don't believe this, but——

Mr. Harry Townsend:

Dear Harry,—We will take great pleasure in printing in our next issue your emphatic denial that you are a specialist on complaints of the eyes, ears, etc., if you will kindly forward your written confirmation of same.

Miss Margaret Hughson:

Dear Peggy,—In answer to your sweet little note asking us if we thought you acted the last scene naturally, we will say that you did seem to know a "hull" lot about your profession.

Miss Rhena McIlroy:

Dear Rhena,—Replying to your recent inquiry regarding the care of the teeth, we would advise you to refrain from candy in all its insidious forms.

Miss Grace Miller:

Dear Little Gracie,—Your inquiry regarding a choice of universities has reached us. We would advise McGill or Queen's, but not MacDonald or McMaster.

Miss Irene Morwick:

Dear Rene,—We are very glad to know that you have received your second-class certificate in the Go-getem School of Vamping. Your suggestion re further practice has been turned over to Mr. John R. McGillvray, who will no doubt communicate with you at once.

Go to HILL'S, 90 King St. West, for Kodaks.

WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

Ross Lymburner

HAROLD JACKSON thought it hard luck that he should have to be on "kick duty" at the Ledger office on that fine evening when The Ledger team clashed with The Times baseball nine, but it was Thursday, and every Thursday he had to stay in the business office from seven to ten in the evening to take care of complaints about the non-delivery of newspapers.

Harold really belonged to the editorial department, where he had been office boy for nine months, and "kick duty" was extra work. Some day Harold hoped to be a reporter and he had already had the pleasure of seeing items which he had written, appear in print on several occasions.

The Ledger was an evening paper, and so was The Times. As usual, the newspapers were keen rivals. There was a possibility that an extra might come out in the course of the next few days, for the great mine strike, which had almost paralyzed all industries in Carbonville, stood some chance of being settled. Late that afternoon a conference between the mine owners and the labor leaders had opened in the neighboring town of Shafton, but it was not expected that much headway would be made for a day or so.

"If they settle the strike it's certainly worth an extra," Harold had heard the managing editor say to the men on the reporter's staff. "Better get down some copy reviewing what started the trouble, the loss in wages and business, and all that."

Harold had taken down the copy later in the day, and he knew that it was already in type, waiting for word of the settlement to come from Shafton.

A telegraph messenger came whistling into The Ledger office and tossed a message to Harold. "How's 'kicks,' to-night," he asked, as Harold signed the delivery slip.

"Light, only five so far. The Ledger carriers are right on the job all the time."

"Just like the telegraph boys, eh?" grinned the other. "So long, I've got to get down to The Times now—same message," he added with a wink.

"We'll see that the 'same message' is," thought Harold. It was an office rule at The Ledger that whoever received a business telegram must open it at once, and take it to the proper department.

It was a "flash" message of just three words: "Strike settled. Compromise," and signed "Bray."

Bray was the reporter who was attending the strike convention. He had rushed the bare facts of the big news, and was doubtless getting the details of the settlement, which he would telegraph later. It meant an extra—the best kind of an extra, too—one with good news.

Harold knew the value of seconds in the case of getting out an extra. He jumped to the phone and called up the managing editor's house. "This is The Ledger speaking. I want Mr. Burleson, please."

"Sorry," came the answer, "but he's gone out for an auto ride and won't be back until eleven o'clock. Any message?"

"No, thank you, It will be too late by that time."

Harold then called up the city editor's home. Someone said that he had gone fishing.

"They do not answer," said Central, after repeated efforts to get the telegraph editor and the senior reporter.

Most of the other members of the editorial staff, Harold knew, were at the baseball game. It was impossible to get in touch with them. Precious minutes had already been lost. The telegraph boy had said: "I've got the same message for The Times." It was a clear case of getting beaten on the big story of the year if he waited until he got in touch with one of

the editors or reporters. Harold gritted his teeth as he made his decision: "The Ledger is going to score this beat; I'll get the extra out myself and beat The Times to the street."

He rushed to the composing room and told the men on the night jig to get the forms made up for an extra—the strike was over.

"Is the story in yet?" asked the foreman.

"No, just the flash, but it's enough for the two seven-column lines, 'Strike Settled,' in the biggest type you've got, and underneath, 'Capital and Labor Compromise.' I'll rush the story down just as soon as Bray wires it in."

"You'll have to get hold of a stereotyper and a pressman," warned the foreman. "I guess they're all at the ball game, but our men are not playing, while all The Times pressman are on the team. A sure beat."

By good luck Harold found the newspaper wholesaler at home, and in a few minutes newsboys all over the town were being given the tip, "Ledger extra coming out. Get down town quick!"

There was only one way to get a stereotyper and the pressman from the park in quick time, and Harold did what he knew the managing editor would have done in the same case. He hired a taxi driver who knew the members of The Ledger staff, and sent him off to the park with strict instructions to get the men away quietly, so as to gain a march on The Times.

Among his other duties in the editorial rooms, Harold had charge of the photographs and cuts, and he knew that The Ledger had pictures of all the men who were sitting in the conference which had so unexpectedly settled the big coal strike. There were eight of them, four representing the mine owners, and four the workers. Harold gathered all the cuts, wrote the names of the men underneath, and took them to the composing room to be run in the extra. Over one group he wrote, "Fought for the Workers," and over the other, "Protected Mine Interests."

When Harold returned to the business office, the telegraph boy was just coming in with Bray's second message, the condensed story of the concessions made on both sides and the terms of the agreement which had been signed. The terms, Harold saw at a glance, would be highly popular in Carbonville; it would mean a return of old prosperity, and prevent the calling of strikes for a long time.

Harold picked out a few important sentences from the dispatch and twisted them into suitable headings, then rushed to the composing room with the copy. He saw with delight that the stereotyper and the pressmen had just arrived, and chuckled when told that The Times' men had no inkling of the situation.

Meanwhile, a yelling pack of newsboys had started to arrive, and soon a hundred or more were crowding the mailing room, clamoring for the press to start. When it did, and Harold grabbed the first copy of the extra and scanned the flaring headlines, he had the supreme joy of knowing that once again The Ledger had scored a beat. The boys sold eight thousand copies in two hours.

* * *

"That was a dandy extra last night," said the managing editor next morning.

"Who got it out?"

The other desk man looked at him in astonishment. "Why, we thought you did. Better ask Harold; he was on 'kick duty,' and he'll know."

There was a puzzling frown on the managing editor's face as he went into the next room to see the boy, but a quizzical smile when he returned and said: "We need a new office boy; Harold's junior reporter now."

A HISTORY OF OUR ALMA MATER

Principal J. B. Turner.

AN educational institution, such as our collegiate institute is, fills a very important place in the city. Its functions are so varied that it is difficult to select just what will be of greatest interest to the readers of The Vox.

It will not, perhaps, be without interest to the present members of the school to know something of its past. From the old grammer school with one or two masters the institute has had a healthy growth until the present time. In its early years it was one of the three or four outstanding schools of its kind in the Province, and for that reason attracted students from all quarters. Since that time, however, efficient high schools and collegiate institutes have come into existence in every city and town and many of the villages of the province, so that it is not now necessary for pupils to go far from home to obtain a high school education.

The Hamilton collegiate institute has, perhaps, to a greater extent than any other collegiate institute, exerted an influence on the educational progress of the province. In the year 1895 when the provincial department of education determined to have every candidate for a high school teacher's certificate undergo a course of special training, just as had been done for some years previous with candidates for public school teacher's certificates, our Institute was selected as one in connection with which this work was to be done, Later, when the value of such professional training was more fully recognized the department of education determined to organize a college for this work and again the Hamilton collegiate institute was selected tnd the normal college was organized and our present building was opened in September, 1897, to accommodate the normal college as well as the collegiate institute. The two institutions worked together successfully for a number of years. Now again the department of education has asked us to co-operate in the work of training of teachers, so that it is quite within the mark to say that the Hamilton collegiate institute has exerted a powerful influence on the progress of education, not only in our own province, but also in the other parts of our dominion, for numbers of those who received their training in our institute are engaged in the educational work in our western provinces.

On the purely academic side of its work our institute has a very fine record. Many of our graduates have risen to eminence. Among these are found outstanding figures in industrial and commercial enterprises. In the professions many have achieved distinction, others have become colloge professors in art, in science and medicine, while others are successful teachers of the youth of our land. Such a record should be an incentive to the pupils of to-day with their greater opportunities to reach out for still greater achievements.

At the time of the founding of the collegiate institute the courses of study were classics and mathematics, the modern languages and our own language received only slight recognition, while experiments in science were looked upon as something with which to amuse the pupils. Since that time there have been great changes in the courses of study. Gradually there came about an increased interest in the study of English literature and composition, until to-day these subjects, rightly, occupy a leading place in the curriculum. With the changing conditions in industry and commerce there came corresponding changes in the courses of study. Business relationships with foreign countries necessitated a more thorough study of the modern languages. The extensive applications of the discoveries of science brought the study of science to the front, so that now a secondary school, that is

not thoroughly equipped for the teaching of the different sciences, can not be considered efficient. The latest additions to the courses are manual training and domestic science. Art, also, has now an important place in the work of the school.

Along with the changes in our courses of study already referred to there came an important change in another direction. It was early recognized that the healthy development of the body is a necessary accompaniment of the development of the mind. To secure this object, courses in physical training were introduced and developed until now this department has a well recognized place in the school. In this connection it is worth noting that among the students there is a healthy desire for clean sports with the result that the Hamilton collegiate institute has an enviable record in sports of all kinds. The Cadet corps is one of the best, if not the best, in the province.

An organization somewhat outside the regular work of the school is the Lyceum. This organization has always exerted a healthy influence on the students and gives opportunities for the exercise of talents other than those that find scope for development in the class room.

The merit of the limitation of the work of the early days to classics and mathematics consisted in the concentration that was made possible thereby and the consequent thoroughness with which the work was done. The danger at the present time is in the number of subjects which is required to be taken in any of the courses prescribed, and the possible consequent lack of thoroughness. Only by close attention to the work in the schoolroom and diligent application for a reasonable time outside the school hours can the thoroughness that it so desirable be attained.

The aim of the school is to fit the pupil for his life work, whatever that may be; the study of this subject or that is merely a means to that end. To reach such proficiency in his studies that the knowledge of them may be of value to him, is of great importance, but it is of even greater importance that he shall acquire right methods of work and the ability to think quickly and judge wisely in whatever situation he may find himself. Promptness in the discharge of duty, alertness to discern what is the right thing to do, courtesy to others, are some of the qualities the school endeavours to instil so that the pupil may go out into the world not only in possession of valuable knowledge but also imbued with high ideals, for only as his ideals are of a high order can he hope to arrive at the best of which he is capable.

THE LYCEUM

Continued from page 28

The Boys' Chorus this year took the form of a Minstrel Show, and under the capable leadership of "Ray" Shea and Ormonde Barrett, made a great hit and won "golden opinions."

The Lyceum, following the custom of the last few years, presented crests and wings to the football team. Mr. E. S. Hogarth made the presentations on behalf of the Society.

The "Hoodoo," presented on February 18th, was a great success. The thanks of the Lyceum is extended to all those who helped to make it what it was.

The dance, at this date, has not been held, but the committee in charge is striving to make March 11th, 1921, a day which will be long remembered by all who attend.

To those who have contributed their talent to the success of the meetings we are truly thankful. You have shown the right spirit and we appreciate it. The Misses Mildred Millman and Freda Sauber have acted as pianists in a becoming manner. To our Principal and Hon. Pres., Mr. J. B. Turner, and to Mr. Morrison and Mr. McGarvin, Counsellor and Auditor respectively, we also extend our sincere thanks.

A PICTURE GALLERY

M. Perney.

IN that gallery of the imagination wherein are hung the portraits of those fair ladies of fiction and drama, no sweeter, finer or nobler characters can be found than wise Portia, witty Beatrice, or mirthful Rosalind; nor can there be found any natures so gentle, meek and so misjudged as those of forgiving Desdemona and sad Ophelia; and yet one of such towering ambition or fatal determination of a Lady Macbeth.

Ah, yes! there hangs the wise Portia's portrait. Her gentle face depicts many a fine quality, many a deed of goodness, and her tender smile shines forth as "a good deed in a naughty world." Portia, if all were like you "chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces." Your generous spirit "which never did repent for doing good," your wisdom and enthusiasm, are an inspiration for the whole world. There, in the court, cloaked in the mantle of the law, fired with a holy passion to free your husband's friend, did you reach the very heights of oratorical power when you told the Jew that mercy was not strained, and forced him by the law to give up his foul design. Though it would be heaven to stay and look longer at your portrait, time presses and it must not be.

Beatrice, you too, instil into the mind a something noble and divine. You have many of the wise Portia's virtues, and though you were "to speak all mirth and no matter," one cannot forget that passionate loyalty you showed your cousin when she was foully slandered. Your picture, also, is a precious thing in the gallery, but for the present we must move on.

Next, photographed in the costume which she wore in the Forest of Arden, stands Rosalind, "that sweetest rose" which man could ever find. Your happy laughter and sweet tenderness were like some pretty flower in a desert spot, and for those with with you in the wilds, it was a paradise.

One look at the "shrew," Kate, will suffice; the interest we have in her now is as a perfect wife.

Though happy faces are a joyous creation, in this corridor of fame there are also sad ones and so it is now that we come to Desdemona's portrait. O, Desdemona! those tear-stained eyes are sad to look upon; it even seems that your gentle lips tremble their heart-breaking tale. Your lot was a hard one; fair Isabella went on her way rejoicing after the sadness she suffered, whereas you had to endure death at the hands of a jealous husband.

You too, Ophelia, did suffer much unhappiness, caused by the ranting of that egotistical Hamlet. Two gentle ladies, meek and helpless, at the blows of this cruel world, your fate was harsh but perhaps it might have been harsher had you but lived.

At last to Lady Macbeth we turn. Her haughty features express an indomitable spirit and that cruel mouth speaks defiance to the world. It is hard to believe that such a picture could be so near to that of fair Portia, whose gentle mien inspires the best which is in one. Haughty queen! you may cry to the spirits to thicken your blood and stop up the access and passage to remorse, but your bloody deeds were well punished and your name lives as a symbol of inhospitable cruelty and unattained ambition.

The end is reached; draw slowly down the veil which thus divides the fancies of the mind from the world of realities, and as the curtain softly folds around and hides those queenly figures from the world, remember that though the phantoms fade away they are not lost. A heavenly thing, an imagination gallery is, wherein hang all, both good and bad alike.

Acknowledgement

N PRESENTING TO YOU THIS, OUR HAMILTON NUMBER OF THE "VOX LYCEI," IT AFFORDS US GREAT PLEASURE TO BE ABLE TO EXPRESS OUR DEEPEST GRATITUDE FOR THE UNSTINTED EFFORTS OF EVERY MEMBER OF THE STAFF AND OF THE SCHOOL WHO BY THEIR EAGER ASSISTANCE HAVE HELPED TO PLACE THIS ISSUE BEFORE YOU.

TO OUR PRINCIPAL, TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY, TO MISS CHRISTIE AND TO OTHERS WHO HAVE ASSISTED US, WE ARE VERY GRATEFUL. WITHOUT THEIR KINDLY ASSISTANCE OUR MANY TASKS WOULD HAVE BEEN DOUBLY DIFFICULT.

IT IS OUR HOPE THAT THIS NUMBER MAY BE ONE WHICH IN DAYS TO COME MAY BRING BACK HAPPY REMINISCENCES OF THE HAMILTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

FROM AN "OLD BOY"

The following letter, received from one who, last year, was a student at the H.C.I., shows that the alumni of the school still continues to take an interest in the Collegiate.

Giving, as it does, a vivid description of a clime different from ours, it will be read with interest.

Allenwater, Ont., March 4, 1921.
To the Vox Staff:

Good luck to your Easter Vox! I hear its going to be an unsurpassable number. It will be appreciated by this "Old Boy," even a thousand miles away.

Up here, in Northern Ontario, you get so used to "Bush Life" that the civilized world seems odd. Here it is all lakes and rocks and trees; and just now, nothing but snow, which is so deep that if you make one step off the packed path you sink three feet in the soft snow. Nearly all the time you have to wear snowshoes, either through the bush or across the lakes.

Most of the towns up this way have less than one thousand inhabitants. Here there are just three families, rather seventeen people. There's one store, a station, the section house, and the school, where I spend five hours "or more" every school day teaching three industrious little pupils. Teaching is so different from being taught! Also is the city school different from my little log school house, where my only inspector is a friendly partridge, which peeps in at the window every day.

Most of the buildings are made of logs, with the cracks and crevices stuffed with moss. They are good shelters from the cold north winds, which are certainly not very infrequent at this time of the year.

The weather in this country is very much subject to extremes. One day it is stormy and "40 below," and the next day it is warm enough to be spring. But "40 below" here isn't as cold as zero at home. In fact, the Indians, the majority of the inhabitants, wear no heavy coats, just sweaters, and on their heads, silk shawls. These Indians bring in the raw furs, and trade them at the store for gaudy dress goods and candies, mostly. They travel for many miles on snowshoes; the men with heavy pack sacks strapped to their shoulders, and the women with papooses strapped to theirs.

When I come back to Hamilton I'll look back on my sojourn in the wilds of Northern Ontario as one grand long adventure, in a land of wonderful sunsets, and even more wonderful Northern Lights.

Wishing you every success in your Easter Vox, I am,

Very sincerely,

EVELYN G. SMITH.

ATHLETICS

Continued from page 38

ness. Much applause greeted the efforts of Captain Cornelius and his squad. The next series of events contained the relay races and sprints for the city schools. Some excellent material was here disclosed for future city teams. In the Collegiate (Junior), Technical and Commercial events, the evident training of the Collegiate athletes was a source of general comment and praise. They always came home winners, displaying superior form and a more uniform stride than their opponents.

A dull moment was positively an unknown quantity to the large audience. A special jazz band from the school injected plenty of pep into the proceedings with their snappy selections of popular pieces. The gloom smashing brigade of the evening was composed of that band of "Happy Harmony Hounds" lead by the man with the voice of a lion, but the temper of a lamb—no other than "Bert" Challen, boys! Norris Waldron acted as his assistant. Every event was heralded or applauded by a special song or yell; and many were they and long.

The height of excitement and anxiety was reached as the International events followed one after the other, each containing its individual attraction. All the contestants in the dual competition were exceptionally well developed and well trained. The Baltimore team brought some neat and skillful runners, the skill and endurance of the H.C.I. team being taxed to the limit. From the start of almost every race until the finish the result was in doubt. The winning of the meet could not be called a "pink tea" affair by any means; H.C.I. had to fight every inch of the way. For over half the distance only two points separated the teams. In heaping the laurels upon the track team we must not forget the man who worked hard and patiently to bring further success to our school. Every athlete wearing the wings of the H.C.I. possessed a well-timed stride, together with beautiful running form, which was produced only by proper training and coaching on the part of Captain Cornelius. To pick an individual star from the team would be an impossibility, as every man performed creditably. The most exciting moments of the whole meet were experienced during the hurdles and long distance events. It was the usual thing to see the runners pass each other, first one school leading, then the other.

The management of the Royal Connaught Hotel kindly presented a solid gold medal to the individual obtaining the largest number of points. I. E. Francis was the winner, with 10 points to his credit. E. D. Stevens, of Baltimore, came second with 8, while W. Ferris tied with R. Whiteford, of Baltimore for third, securing 6 each. Although Collegiate were defeated in a close race in the relay, the defeat was more than made up for when we landed six first places as against three by Baltimore. Here are the outline of the events and score:

Baltimore City College 35, H.C.I. 41.

60 yards dash—1, W. Ferris; 2, J. E. Watson; 3, N. Fineman, (Balt.) Time, 6 4-5 seconds.

600 yards run—1, N. T. Smith; 2, A. Spinney (Balt.); 3, J. W. Neal, (Balt.) Time, 1 min. 24 sec.

Running high jump—1, R. Barnes; 2, E. Zelinski, (Balt.); 3, H. Aylwin. Height, 5 ft. 4 ins.

(Zelinski jumped 5 ft. 5 in. on his fourth attempt, but as three tries are the limit, Barnes won).

300 yards run—1, R. Whiteford, (Balt.); 2, W. Whiteford,(Balt.); 3, W. Ferris. Time, 32 2-5 secs.

Pole Vault—1, I. E. Fracis; 2, V. Pickard. Height, 9 ft. 6 in. (Baltimore defaulted).

1000 yards run—1, E. Bascom; 2, L. D. Stevens, (Balt.); 3, C. H. Rollins, (Balt.) Time, 2 min. 30 3-5 sec.

Hurdles, 60 yards—1, I. E. Francis; 2, N. Fineman, (Balt.); 3, R. Whiteford, (Balt.). Time, 8.3 sec.

One mile run—1, L. D. Stevens, (Balt.); R. Thompson; 3, C. H. Rollins, (Balt.). Time, 4 min. 54.1 sec.

One mile relay race—1, Baltimore—R. S.Whiteford, W. H. Whiteford, E. Zelinski, J. E. Neal; 2, H. C. I.—N. T. Smith, M. Crawford, E. Bascom, R. Shea. Time, 3 min, 51 sec.

MILITARY MATTERS

Continued from page 43

In May we will have our regular inspection, which will be very elaborate. Besides the Battalion inspection, each Company will give a special exhibition. "A" Company will do extended order and company drill; "B" Company will give an exhibition of single-sticks; "C" Company will handle the dumb-bells, while "D" Company will perform with the wands. Besides this, a picked squad will give an exhibition of lance and cavalry drill. This has never been seen here before and promises to be very spectacular.

There will be boxing, wrestling, tumbling and apparatus work and also the signal corps, which is being instructed by a sergeant-major sent by the government, will show what they have learned to do with the flags. As a grand finale the entire battalion will give an exhibition of free-hand drill, accompanied by the band of the 13th Regiment.

We could go on and tell what a wonderful corps we were going to have and how we were going to be the best in Ontario, which we now are, but in the words of Captain Cornelius "Wait and see."

ALUMNI

Continued from page 33

Winnifred Hinchliffe, Mavis Cooper, Ruth Blessinger, Mary Richards, Alice Ruse, Eva Tetlow, Vyra Matchett and Fred Schnick are at the Normal School endeavoring to become adept in the art of dispensing knowledge.

Bernice Balfour and George Lomas are attending Business College in the city.

Ruth Merner is at Business College in St. Catharines.

Emil Mueller, W. Cosgriff and Fred Hamilton are at the School of Practical Science, Toronto.

Roger Matchett is at Dental College, Toronto.

Ewart Bayley, Tom Walsh and John Young are at Queen's University, Kingston.

Irvine R. Laidman and Albert Cross, both prospective Phm. B.'s, are learning their craft at Theo. Sweet's and Zimmerman's Drug Stores, respectively.

Elva Jones is at Canada Business College.

Evelyn Smith is teaching school at Allenwater, Ontario.

"Jimmie" Nelson is at the School of Textiles, New Bedford, Mass.

Marion McIlroy is working at the Public Library.

Elspeth McIlroy is at McDonald Hall, Montreal.

Ed. Kellner, Norris Woodruff and Milford Smith are employed at the Steel Co. of Canada.

"Charlie" Newberry, Herbert Dougall, Charles Henderson, Douglas Boyd, K. Fessenden and W. R. Hobson are employed at various banks throughout the city. (Regardless of this fact, the banking houses appear to be in a flourishing condition).

Miss L. Joyce and Miss Fleming are at home.

George Taylor, who gained somewhat of a reputation here last year in gymnastics, is assistant Physical Instructor at the local Y.M.C.A.

"Jimmie" Nairn, a former artist on the Vox, is employed at the Commercial Engravers.

"Rollie" Wilson is in the law office of Langs, Binkley and Morwick.

"Jimmie" Davis is working in his father's store on John South.

Frank Gilrie is a cub reporter on the Herald staff. (Frank always was good at reporting, especially at meal-times).

Edgar Webb is farming with his father.

We take this opportunity of wishing our graduates the greatest success in their particular lines of endeavour.

May they uphold, in their everyday life, the fine principles of their Alma Mater.

GIRLS ATHLETICS

Continued from page 44

In the second contest the Beamsville High School lost to the Normal School Onedrz with a score of 10 to 5.

On Tuesday, January 11th, Room 3 won an easy victory over the girls of Room 5. Marion Linklater was the best player for Room 3, scoring most of the points. Score was 14 to 4.

The Collegiate "Senior Third" team lost to the Pep-e-Two's of Normal School on January 13. The score ran up to 19-10. This victory of the Normal girls put their Onedrz in first place in section "B."

Friday, Jan. 21st, Collegiate "Uppers" vs. Grimbsy H.S.

This was a fast game, resulting in the score of 14-13 in favour of our team. At half time the score stood 7-3 favouring the H.C.I., and the first part of the second half our girls increased the lead. Grimsby, however, came up with a "whizzing" finish and nearly tied the score. The Collegiate girls played a very good game. This game left the "Uppers" tied with the Veni Vidi Vici's for first place in section "A" of the league.

The second game between the Collegiate "Senior Thirds" and the Onedrz resulted in the score 22-20 in the latter's favour. There was some disagreement concerning the score, but it was decided to let it stand as it was. The last game that evening was between Beamsville H.S. and the Pep-e-Two's. The former easily won by 15 points. The Normalites were a little handicapped, however, as they were playing without their captain.

On Thursday, January 27, two games were played, the first was between picked teams from the first and second forms. The first form girls played an excellent game and come off winners with a score of 9-8. In the second game the Collegiate "Uppers" battled their way to first place in section "A" of the league, when they defeated Veni Vidi Vici's in a fast game, by a score of 18 to 10. The winners played splendid basketball throughout, Miss Walker at defence, and Miss Wingfield, center, being the most conspicuous players.

The next set of games was played on Friday, February 4th. The opening contest between Beamsville and the Collegiate "Seniors Thirds" was one of the fastest games yet staged, for at no time did one team have a lead of more than two points. At half time our team was leading by the score of 10 to 8; one minute before time was up the score was 15 all, and then the visitors scored a free throw and the game was won. In the second game Grimsby defeated the Eagles by a score of 13 to 7.

The following Tuesday two Collegiate teams journey to Brantford. Both the boys and girls were successful. Marion Walker, "Little Giant," as she is called, in Brantford played a splendid game at defence. The result was 9-5.

The line-up:

Brantford—Forwards: Ruby Smith, Muriel Smiley; centre, Lenore Mayot, Addie Roberts; defence: Helen Biggar, Audrey Connamon; spare, Dorothy Jones.

Hamilton—Forwards: Jenny Davidson, Freda Kortsman; centre: Annie Wingfield, Florence Russell; defence: Marion Walker, Edith Gillies (first half), Georgina Ross (second half); spare, Ruth McDonald.

We also won the return game on the following Wednesday, even though the Brantford girls played a splendid game.

Three important games were played on Friday, February 11th. The first game resulted in a victory for the Onedrz against Beamsville H.S. The next game was a defeat for the Collegiate "Uppers" by Grimsby, with a score of 15-8. This tied them for first place in section "A". The last game of the evening proved a walkover for the Collegiate "Senior Thirds" for they defeated the Pep-e-Two's by the one-sided score of 20-2. As a result of this game both these teams are out of the running for first place, although they still have a chance for the consolation trophy.

Editor's Note.—Through modesty, Miss Freda Kortsman, editor of this department, has neglected to include herself in the report. Miss Kortsman has a most enviable record on the girls' basketball team, she being a star forward and captain of the Senior Third girls' team.

"SFACT" By BILL McCULLOCH.
TEMPTATION
DETERMINATION
RECREATION
EXAMINATION
ADVICE:- GO ON SATURDAY, even if it does cost more
"GORD" ANDERSON, BUS. MAN TELLS US THAT THE ONLY REASON HE KEPT HIS PANTS ON IN THE VOX PICTURE WAS TO HIDE HIS STRIPED SOX OH YES, UNDIES. IT LOOKED LIKE IT, GORD.
ALTHOUGH WE HAVE FAR BETTER CONTINUOUS THE PALES OF DISAGREEING TO THE RULES MAY BE STRETCHED A LITTLE IN THE PRESENT CASE
DRIVING FOR A BROKEN ARM GUY'S GOVERNESS'S CAR WILL ONLY CARRY 14 PASSENGERS NOW INSTEAD OF THE USUAL 20.
ANOTHER TYPE OF FOOTWARE IS SHOWN ABOVE THIS TYPE WAS INTRODUCED BY THE GIRLS ALTHOUGH THEIR USE IS UNKNOWN, IT HAS TO BE ADMITTED THEY ARE NEAT-LOOKING TO THE EXTREME
COME ON, CAPT'N SOME MORE LIFE YOU ARE SO DUMB-BELL-ISH YOU'LL NEVER GET TO BE ONE YET
EVERY FIRST FORMER'S AMBITION. (KNOWN FACT)
THERE WAS NOTHING TO PUT IN HERE SO I THOUGHT I'D TAKE ALONG AN
DEFEAT HAS BEEN ON THE TRACK OF MOST OF OUR ATHLETIC TEAMS THIS YEAR
AFTER MANY YEARS OF STERN REFUSAL, MAJOR GEORGE P. ALLAN JUNIOR AT LAST POSES FOR THE VOX. (WITH SOME GAL. MILITARY ACTION.)
IF AN ESCALATOR LIKE THE ONE IN THE DIAGRAM WAS INSTALLED IT WOULD SAVE STUDENTS MANY TEDIOUS CLIMBS - THEY ENERGY SAVED WOULD BE PUT INTO THEIR DAILY LESSONS. MAYBE.
HOW ABOUT SERVING BREAKFAST IN THE SCHOOL AS AN INDUCEMENT FOR THE "LATES"
STYLES - FAMOUS NEW ULTRA-MINTY COLLAR (LATEST NEWS FROM GREAT ADMIRATION) BUT NOT IN THE CHAPEL - NO! NO! - THE RECIPE - JUST GET THE OLD BOOT OUT AND TRY AN EARLY ONE
AFTER THE "HOODOO" MISS LUNCHPOKER IS CUNNINGLY DONE AGAIN BY THE GENTLE MAN IN THE AUDIENCE
SENT TO T. BUNCH OR BOSES TO "ALEC" AND NUT TO ALEC HARRISON
Miss Lunchpoker

FIRST FORM

F. HODD, Representative.

Miss Board entered a music shop, went over to a new clerk and asked in her sweetest tone, "Have you 'Kissed me in the Moonlight?'"

Astonished Clerk—"It must have been the man at the other counter; I've only been here a week."

Miss Dawson was talking about proverbs as usual to Miss Morris, who really wanted to catch the 4.10 car to the Beach, but could not get away from the talker.

"Well," said Miss Dawson, "they say silence is golden and speech is only silver."

"Yes," put in Miss Morris hurriedly, "please make your speech quick silver."

Trying to break the news to a widow of a man who was washed away in the tide at the ocean, one of his friends wrote this letter to her:—

Dear Mrs. C.:

Your husband cannot come home today as his bathing suit was washed away in the tide.

P.S.—Your husband was inside it.

Young (quarrelling)—"What kind of death do you want to die?"

Hood—"I expect I'll be hanged for killing you."

Sinclair and Thomas were to play a joke on Mr. McCrimmon. They took a centipede's body, a butterfly's wings, a grasshopper's legs and a beetle's head and glued them together.

"We caught this bug in a field," they explained. "Can you tell us what kind it it, sir?"

"Did it hum when you caught it?" he asked.

"Yes," they answered.

"Then," said Mr. McCrimmon, "it's a humbug."

He had asked the father for his daughter's hand.

"How much is your income?" asked the father.

"Twenty dollars," he replied.

"That wouldn't keep Mary in handkerchiefs," answered the father contemptuously.

"Then," said the young man, "if she has that kind of nose I don't want her."

WHAT ARE HIS FATHER'S FEET LIKE?

"Fred is very capable," said Aunt Mary, "but I doubt if he has head enough to fill his father's shoes."

"My hair is falling out," admitted Bradfield to the druggist's assistant. "Can you recommend anything to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging clerk, "here is a nice cardboard box."

Morrow—"Isn't nature wonderful?"

Miss Drysdale—"How's 'at?"

Morrow—"He gives us all faces but we can pick our own teeth."

Miss McIlwraith—"Do you know what kind of leather makes the best shoes?"

Thomas—"No, but banana skins make fine slippers.'

Miss Leaver—"Have you ever taken chloroform?"

Miss Boyd—"Why no! Who teaches it?"

Davis (during a geography period)—"If a man were to dig a hole through the earth and put a ladder down, would he come out feet or head first?"

Mr. Pugh—"Now, Huddard, can you tell us anything about the Iron Age?"

Huddard—"Well—er—er—'Im a bit rusty on that subject, sir."

Miss McClemont—"Archimedes, you say, discovered Specific Gravity on getting into his bath. Why had the principle never before occurred to him?'

Miss Macdonald—"Probably that was the first time he ever took a bath."

A woodpecker lit on Brockelby's head,
And settled down to drill.
He bored away for a day and a half,
And then he broke his bill.

I felt his soft breath on my cheek,
And the gentle touch of his hand;
His very presence near me
Seemed a breeze on the desert land.
He deftly sought my lips,
My head he did enfold;
Then he broke the silence with:
"Shall the filling be silver or gold?"

Science Teacher—"Do you believe paper can be used effectively to keep people warm, Miss F.—?"

Gladys—"Well, I should say so. Why, the last report I took home has kept the family hot ever since.'

Jim—"Bobby fell in with a young lady last summer, I believe."

Jack—"Yes; they walked off the end of the pier."

Jane—"Oh, Jean! isn't he a little duck?"

Jean—"Well, I don't know. I haven't heard him 'Quack' yet."

A war correspondent named Guido,
Was struck by a flying torpedo;
A Red Cross brigade,
Which came to his aid,
Found only a sleeveless Tuxedo.

An old lady, after waiting in a confectionery store for about ten minutes, grew very impatient at the lack of service.

"Here, young lady," she called, "who waits on the nuts?"

Mistress—"You don't seem to know about finger bowls, Norah. Didn't they have them at the last place you worked?"

Maid—"No, ma'am, they mostly washed themselves before they came to the table."

Acres—"The train pulled out before you finished you speech."

"Yes," replied Allan, "as I heard the shouts of the crowd fading in the distance, I couldn't be sure whether they were applauding me or the engineer."

Marriage used to be a lottery, but now you can see what you're getting.

The girls of Room 7 would be very much obliged if Oswald would intimate in which drug store he obtains his "bee-oo-ti-ful" complexion.

Notice—Miss Miller's powder puff is for public use every day in the Cloak Room before nine and two o'clock.

The girls in the first row are very thankful that there has not been much frost this season to spoil their splendid view of the "Cap's" office.

This Latin sentence was found on the board in Room 8 one morning:

"Caesar adsum jam forti."

(Trans. "Caesar had some jam for tea.")

Munger—"Dad, what are the silent watches of the night?"

"They are the ones which their owners forgot to wind, Kenneth."

The following notice was posted in a pleasure steamer in Ireland—of course—

"The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make any use of them till the ladies are seated."

A school inspector demanded suddenly of a class, "Who wrote Hamlet?"

One small boy broke down under the inspector's strong gaze, and blubbered out, "Please, sir, it wasn't me."

That evening the inspector was relating the incident at a dinner party. One of the guests, a colonel, rubbing his hands, said, "Ha! Ha! I wouldn't wonder if the little beggar had done it after all."

Wanted—A lady with one tooth to bite holes in doughtnuts.

SECOND FORM

ALLAN CHRISTIE, Representative.

Nellie—"All the good-looking boys 'round here are conceited."

Kelly—"Do you mean to say that of me?"

Miss Hill (French)—"Morris, did you ever see a cedilla under the C?"

Morris—"No; what kind of fish is that?"

Mr. McCrimmon—"Miss Martin, why were you late this morning?"

Miss Martin—"The bell rang before I got here."

"Does my boy," inquired Mr. MacMichael, "seem to have any natural bend in one direction?"

"Yes, sir," said the teacher, "he gives every indication of being a captain of industry some day. He gets the other boys to do all his work for him."

Old Lady (to beggar at the door—"What's this soiled paper? You'll have to tell me what it says, for I haven't my glasses."

Beggar—"Please, ma'am, it says I'm deaf and dumb, and can you spare me a copper or two?"

Little Foreman—"Oh pa, I've swallowed a worm!"

Mr. Foreman (anxiously)—"Take a drink quick and wash it down.'

Little Howard—"Aw, let him walk."

Mr. Edwards—"Where was the Magna Charta signed?"

Warburton—"At the bottom."

Miss F., so proud of her French, one day went up to a Frenchman and tried to talk to him in French. But after a while, the Frenchman said: "Me no comprehend Engleesh."

IN ROOM 25

If Margaret is red, is Olive **Gray?**

If Roberts won't, Allan Mar**shall.**

If Coleman is weak, is Russel Arm**strong?**

If Watson has some brains, has Nina Gil**more?**

If Sheldon is the eldest son, **Watson** is **Thompson?**

"This is my car!" exploded Bob Stringer, "and what I say about it goes,—see?"

Dirty-faced mechanic painfully crawling from under the dead Ford—"Say engine, mister."

Lloyd (crying)—"Can I have that candy now?"

Mrs. Somerville—"Didn't I tell you I wouldn't give you any at all if you didn't keep still?"

Lloyd—"Yes, but gee —"

Mrs. Somerville—"Well, the longer you keep still the sooner you'll get it."

While being examined in physiology, Mr. Pugh asked Room 22 to name an animal food. He was surprised to find written on Sinclair's paper, "Dog Biscuits."

Gayfer—"I 'phoned you last night but received no answer. Were you all out?"

Sinclair—"No, all in."

Daughter—"Father, you shouldn't have kicked Gordon last night. I know you nearly broke his heart."

Father—"I didn't kick anywhere near his heart!"

Burkholder—"Scientists say that trees contribute to the heat of the atmosphere."

Moffat—"That's so; the birch has warmed me many a time."

AN ODE TO THE GIRLS

Is dancing, candy and the show,
As far as your poor brains will go
Now I'm going to tell to you
What I think you ought to do.
Wash your perfumed, painted face,
Wear some clothes as well as lace,
Learn to make those "homemade socks"
Unadorned by fancy clocks.
Cover up your bony arms,
They're the smallest of your charms;
Stop the foolish little giggle,
Walk up straight, and do not wiggle;
Forget the giddy midnight whirl,
And try to be a "Mother's Girl."
So long, Girlies, do not cry,
Crocodile tears don't fizz on I.

—A BOY.

"Don't tell me you can't remember things," said Tom to John, "memory is all a matter of system. Now, in what year was the battle of Agincourt fought?"

John's memory failed him.

"Exactly!" replied Tom. "Now, how many days in a week?"

"Seven," came the answer.

"Very well. Twice seven's fourteen. Multiply by a hundred—fourteen hundred. Number of days in June—thirty. Half of thirty—fifteen. Fifteen and fourteen hundred?"

"Fourteen hundred and fifteen," murmured John.

"Right! That's the year of the battle. System, my boy; that's what does it, system."

Pratt—"A good deal depends on the formation of early habits.

Miss Wilson—"I know it. When I was a baby, my mother paid a woman to wheel me about, and I have been pushed for money ever since."

A WARNING TO GIRLS

Don't put these jokes too near your face,
Or you'll get blown to chowder;
It's dangerous to place dry things
So near a store of powder.

If all the rats were dead would the Catskill Mountains?

Miss Kelly—"Oh, I'm the flower of the family, all right."

Miss Lethbridge—"I wonder if that's what your brother meant yesterday when he said you were a blooming idiot."

Judge—"What's the charge against this man?"

Officer—"Stealing nine bottles of beer, Your Honor."

Judge—"Dicharged. I can't make a case out of nine bottles."

Miss Hill—"Tell me which is proper: Would you say—It is possible for two to live on $10 a week, or $10 weekly?"

Miss Lethbridge—"Well, I'd say—It is possible for two to live on $10 a week weakly."

Pat and Mike were going to burglarize a home one evening. They ascended the stairs and found everything quiet. Pat stepped on a board in the floor which made a squeaky noise and aroused wifey.

Wifey (jumping up)—"Bill, what was that?"

Mike—"Me-ow-ow."

Hubby—"Lie down, it's only the cat."

A few minutes later Mike, stepping on the board, made the same squeaky noise.

Wifey—"Bill, what was that?"

Pat—"Another cat."

JR. THIRD FORM

OLIVE BROWN, Representative.

Roberts (looking disconsolate)—"I asked if I could see her home."

Bell—"Well, what did she say?"

Roberts—"She said, 'Why certainly; I will lend you a picture of it.' "

Hall (at 12 p.x.)—"Gosh, it's raining."

Miss Lees—"Well take Dad's umbrella and perhaps he won't mind your coming back, so much."

Nellie fell down the elevator,
Wasn't found till ten days later.
All the neighbors said: "Gee whiz!
What a spoiled child Nellie is."

Mr. Barnes—"I want to buy the cheapest watch you have for Ralph."

Jeweller—"I'm afaird I can't guarantee the cheap ones to keep good time.'

Mr. Barnes—"Oh, that doesn't matter, as long as he can open the case.'

Bowskill—"I swallowed a clove last night and was scared to death I'd choke."

Barrie—"Yea; they always take my breath away, too."

Harris (going into Arcade)—"Is the buyer in?"

Smart Clerk—"No, but the cellar is down stairs. Look out for the furnace for the fire escapes."

Mr. McGarvin—"Gurvey, who arrested John Wilkes?"

Gurvey (after whispered help)—"General Warrant, sir."

"Bell," said Mr. Marshall, "what are you laughing at?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Bell.

"Well you'd better get your hat and go home; we can't have people here who laugh at themselves."

Beuglass—"Barry you're a—"

Barry—"Say that again and I'll knock you down."

Beuglass—"Consider it said again."

Barry—"Consider yourself knocked down then."

Sayings of our "Question Manufacturers:"

Mr. Price—"Now you'll take a trip downstairs."

Mr. Armstrong—"Barry, do you know this theorem?"

Mr. Simpson—"Any difficulties in the home-work?"

Mc. McGarvin—"If it wasn't for the British navy —"

Mr. Foucar—"All right, my man, up to the board."

Mr. Freeman—"For goodness sake, stop this silly giggling."

Roberts—"How can I stir the fire without disturbing Butler's singing?"

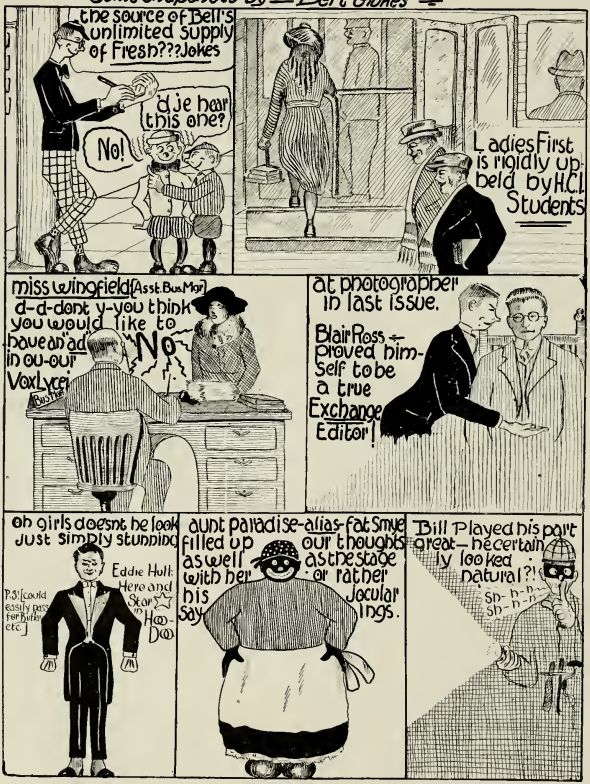
Bell—"Oh! between the bars, of course."

T-1 SAITH

A wise old owl
Sat in an oak,
And the more he heard
The less he spoke.
The less he spoke
The more he heard,
Why can't Miss Fletcher
Be like that bird?

'TWAS EVER THUS

To buy her presents, his cash he spent,
And her words of thanks were sweeter than honey.
But when he had squandered his last red cent,
She married a youth who had saved his money.


Some Snapshots by — Bert Gilkes
the source of Bell's unlimited supply of Fresh??? Jokes
d'je hear this one?
No!
Ladies First is rigidly upheld by H.C.I. Students
miss wingfield [Asst. Bus. Mgr.]
d-d-dont y-you think you would like to have an ad in ou-our Vox Lyce
No
at photographer in last issue.
Blair Ross proved himself to be a true Exchange Editor!
oh girls doesnt he look just simply stunning
Eddie Hult Hero and Star Hee Daw
P.S. I could easily pass for Ruby etc.
aunt paradise-alias-fat Smyer filled up as well with her his say
our thoughts as the stage or rather jocular ings.
Bill Played his part great — he certainly looked natural?!
Sh- h-h...
Sh- h-h...

"HOODOO" THEY MEAN?

Lives of actors all remind us,
We can sometimes be the rage,
And retiring leave behind us,
Fruit and eggs upon the stage.

Smye (sweetly as they sip their tea together)—"Isn't this tea delicious?"

Miss Burkholder—"Yes, I like to take tea with a little lemon.'

Coleman made love to Miss Walker
Like Punch made love to Judy.
But the funniest love I ever saw made
Was when McCullough made love to a cutie.

LIZ WALKER'S HYMN

Lives of football men remind us,
We can write our names in blood,
And retiring leave behind us
Half our faces in the mud.
(Tune, Shall We Gather at the River?).

Some students are always behind in their studies so that they may pursue them.

Mummery—"I spent nine hours on my geometry last night."

Mr. Armstrong—"How so?"

Mummery—"I put it under the mattress and slept on it."

Stranger—"Is there any play-ground at your school?"

Miss Gordon—"A few cases of smallpox."—(Think this over).

Lightstone—"I see that bananas are said to be a brain food."

Woods—"Yes, but first you must have brains to feed.'

Matteson (to conductor on street car)—"At which end of the car do I get off?"

Conductor (politely)—"Whichever end you like, sir. They both stop."

"We had a fine clock given to us this Christmas," said Beatty. "One evening we went for a short walk and when we came back we found the clock —"

"Gone?" interjected Baxter, excitedly.

"Not quite," explained Beatty, calmly, "but we found it going."

Gardener—"This is a tobacco plant in full flower."

Elliot—"How very interesting. How long will it be before the cigars and cigarettes are ripe?'

"Ignorance," remarked tiny Miss Aitchison, "they say is bliss."

"Oh, that accounts for it, then," said Mr. Collins, "that contented, happy look you usually wear."

When you're angry count a hundred,
That is wisdom, so they say,
For it gives the chap you're mad at,
Lots of time to get away.
(Teachers of T-4 are earnestly requested to read this poem).

Sally Brennan—"Am I on the right road for Oakville?"

Rustic—"O yes, you're on the right road, but you're going the wrong way."

Hope springs eternal in the student's breast,
There may be care-fare in last summer's vest.

Mr. McGee—"Hold your tongue when you're told.'

Miss MacDonald—"I can't. It's too slippery."

Mr. Marshall—"What do we know about 'Force?' We know the reactions, the results, but do we know the thing itself? Can we see it? Has anyone present seen it?"

Miss Jones—"Yes, sir, a police force."

SR. THIRD FORM

ROBERT MITCHELL, Representative.

COULD THIS BE ALF. WARD?

Little Alfred wondered why
Acid troubled alkali.
So in manner very placid
Fed the kitty prussic acid.
Hereupon the cat grew frantic,
Executing many an antic.
"Oh," cried Alfred, mystified,
"Pussy must be alkalied."

Since "Rouge" Caldwell came to town some girls we know have changed their craving for the footlights to a desire for a head-light.

In Room 14, Mr. Morris compared Latin to a vehicle, helping one down the road to mental power. But we think it is something like a Ford—rather rough on you till you get there.

EXAMPLES

Hogarth—"Pa, what's a rudundancy of expression?"

Pa—"Using more words than are necessary to express one's meaning, such as 'wealthy teachers,' 'poor poets,' etc."

TWO ROLLS

Stout Person—"I say, boy, can you tell me the quickest way I can get to the station?"

Urchin (after regarding him closely)—"Well, I should think your best plan is to lie down and roll over 'bout twice.'

Elliott spent his last $20 bill. Now he has a new overcoat and also a new school suit, a linen collar this time, and a striped tie.

AH! THAT'S THE QUESTION!

"I would like some powder, please," said Peggy to the drug-store clerk.

"Yes, miss. Face, gun or bug?"

His head was down,
His hopes were dead.
The exam results
Had just been read.

Mr. Freeman—"Compare 'fleo.'"

Miss Menger—"Fleo-ere-itchi—scratch-um."

Sign in tailor's shop: Pants pressed while you wait. Please don't stand in the doorway.

IN FRENCH PERIOD.

Elliott—"Me prenez-vous pour une bete?"

Mr. Collins—"Now translate it."

Elliott—"Do you take me for a fool?"

Mr. Collins—"Yes. Go on."

Someone in T-2 says that it may be Cupid who pierces the heart with arrows, but that it takes a pretty girl to draw the beaux. We wonder who he means.

Finkleman—"And she said I was the first boy to have kissed her."

Harris—"Poor girl, to have such a start!"

Edith—"This paper says that the average person speaks twelve thousand words a day."

Patterson—"I always said you were above the average, Miss Carrington."

Singing Master—"Madam, your daughter is improving daily in her singing."

Mother—"I'm so glad. We couldn't quite tell whether Norma was improving or we were getting more used to it."

He—"Why is a blush like a little girl?"

She—"Because it becomes a woman."

Circus Manager—"So you want a job with us. What steps would you take if a lion escaped?"

Finkleman—"Good long ones, sir."

Koskey to Sharfatz, who has become so interested in the play at the Grand that he falls over the railing of the balcony—"George, George, for goodness' sake come back! It costs a dollar down dere."

Koskey to Forcht, who has spilled the ink—"Never mind! No use crying over spilt milk."

Forcht—"If it were milk, I'd call the cat and she'd soon lick it up—but this isn't milk, and it's Mr. Marshall who'll do the licking."

DOES ROOM 13 HATE ITSELF?

In Room 13 we're none of us green,
We're the wisest birds that have ever been seen.
The owl is our emblem, but we do our best
To keep awake all day and ne'er make a jest.
We have talent and brains and beauty (?) galore,
We have actresses and artists and a whole lot more.
There's Amy of the cornet, and Eldon of the flute,
Lyman plays the violin and Irvin he can shoot.
Gladys is a singer, Marj. supplies the tune,
Amy Lee and Mrs. Spiggot are both in our room.
These are a few, but from them you can see
What a wonderful place Room 13 must be.

Miss Fauman—"When I began to paint this picture it was worth only $5.00, but one hundred thousand wouldn't buy it now."

Sharftaz—"Yes, I'm one of the one hundred thousand."

Miss Whelan—"Say, is my tire flat?"

Miss Fauman—"Well, it's flat at the bottom, but the rest of it is all right."

OH! JEAN!!

Miss McColl was desirous of buying a camera. "Is this a good one? What is is called?" she asked.

"That's the Belvadere," said the handsome young clerk, politely.

There was a chilly silence. Then Jean drew herself coldly erect, fixed him with an icy stare, and asked: "Er—can you recommend the Belva?"

THESE TWO SHOULD BE PUNISHED.

Smith—"Why does the Indian wear feathers on his head?"

McNally—"Oh, to keep his wigwam, I suppose."

WHO COULD THIS BE?

A provincial inspector was much worried by the noise in the next room, T-2. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he opened the door and burst upon the class. Seeing one, taller than the others, talking a great deal, he caught him by the collar, dragged him to the office and planted him in a chair, saying: "Now, sit there and be quiet."

Ten minutes later a small head appeared at the door, and McFarlane, in a weak voice, said: "Please, sir, you've got our teacher.'

Sing a song of sixpence,
A lot of clever teachers
Sitting in a movie show
With pleasant, smiling features.
Four and twenty pupils,
At home-work, in despair.
Now isn't that a pretty fix?
Beat it if you dare!!

Miss Cosford, at the Market—"Give me a chicken."

Clerk—"Do you want a pullet?"

Miss C.—"No; I wanta carry it."

FOURTH FORM

RUSSELL WAINES, Representative.

Waines—"All the great painters, Di Vinci, Michaelangelo, Rembrandt, are dead, and I'm not feeling well myself."

THE LOST COIN

The hours you spend with me, "dear mon,"
Are very few it seems to me.
I count you over, every dime apart,
My salary, my salary.
Ten cents a dime, ten dimes a plunk.
To earn them is an awful grind,
I count each dime, until the end,
And there—
A "dun" I find.
Oh toil, that is so poorly paid!
Oh salary! spent before we greet.
I kiss each dime, and try to find
A way
To make both ends meet—
Ye Gods, to make ends meet!

WHO KNOWS?

Our grandma never was a flirt,
"Prude" was her middle name.
And though she wore no sawed-off skirt
She showed 'em just the same.

Miss Jones—"Say, Miss McIlroy, why do old maids wear cotton gloves?"

Rhena—"I dunno."

Miss Jones—"Stupid! They haven't any kids."

WHO IN ROOM 11?

If Benny asked of her to say,
What twice ten was, or three times seven,
She'd glance in quite a placid way,
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And smile, and look politely round
To catch a casual suggestion,
And make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question.

ADS

For Sale—One jersey cow giving three gallons of milk a day, a bale of hay, a small keg of nails, and two stores.

Furs made for ladies out of their own skins.

Wanted—A front room by an old lady with a bay window.

Wanted—A pony by a young school teacher with a long tail.

Bella—"What part has Inglis in the play?"

Betty—"Oh, he's propriety man."

Bella—"I didn't think it was that kind of play."

YOU TELL 'EM

Ladies from Bagdad usually buy seven yards of cheese cloth for a costume. One is inclined to wonder what becomes of the other six and a half yards.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS?

Miss Cole—"Why didn't Moses take mustard into the ark with him?"

Miss Morwick—"I don't know."

Miss Cole—"Because Moses didn't go into the ark. Ain't you had no fetchin' up?"

Mr. McGarvin—"There will be a higher type of civilization than ours."

Miss Perney—"Let's hope there will be a higher one than Coleman's."

WHERE DID HE GET THE "SCRIPT?"

Little Robbie Clifton had been sent to the drug store to have a prescription filled. When the druggist filled the order he called Robbie.

"Here are your pills," said the druggist. "Do you want them put in a nice little box?"

"Why, of course," answered Robert. "Did you expect me to roll 'em home?"

Wine, Women and Song

Life in the olden days, as a Roman poet saw it:

O Varus mine,
Plant thou the vine
Within this kindly soil of Tibur;
Nor temporal woes,
Nor spiritual, knows
The man who's a discreet imbiber.
For who doth croak
Of being broke,
Or who of warfare, after drinking?
With bowl atween us,
Of smiling Venus
And Bacchus shall we sing, I'm thinking.
Of symptoms fell
Which brawls impel,
Historic data give us warning;
The wretch who fights
When full, of nights,
Is bound to have a head next morning.
I do not scorn
A friendly horn,
But noisy toots, I can't abide 'em!
Your howling bat
Is stale and flat
To one who knows, because he's tried 'em!
The secrets of
The life I love
(Companionship with girls and toddy)
I would not drag
With drunken brag
Into the ken of everybody;
But in the shade
Let some coy maid
With smilax wreathe my flagon's nozzle,
Then all day long,
With mirth and song,
Shall I enjoy a quiet sozzle!

AN UNUSUAL EVENT

Ivan Caldwell

THE afternoon of Christmas Day, and nothing to do. The inseparable four were leisurely lounging about, to rid themselves of the after effects of their Christmas dinner.

"Well, fellows! What shall we do?" asked Ted, who was forced, through circumstances, to play the role of host today.

"Let's take in the Lyric," suggested Ken.

"Nix! Let's go up to the 'Y' and shoot some pool," volunteered Dick.

"No, not me! What do you say if we go to the bay and have a little game of hockey?"

"Gosh! That's a good idea Buzz. That's just what we'll do. What do you say, fellows?"

Half an hour's time found the four chums seated on a cold log on the shore of the bay, hastily changing into their skating boots.

They were soon on the ice and as they skated about exchanging hello's with their friends and gathering enough of them together for a game of hockey, they noticed several small boys skating over towards the channel. Dick shouted to them and warned them to stay away, but he might better have saved his breath.

They watched with growing anxiety the increasing recklessness of the young trio, and the inevitable happened, when the leader, with a cry of dismay, crashed through the thin ice encircling an air hole, and immediately disappeared from view.

The chums simultaneously increased their speed to a racing pace, and a few seconds later arrived on the scene of the accident. Dick had outskated the others and without a moment's hesitation dove into the ice-cold water, where the helpless lad had disappeared for the third time.

The first shock almost knocked the breath out of his heated body, but he quickly regained his senses and swam downward with all his might into the dark depths below. Would he never reach the bottom? How deep was the channel out here anyway? The pain in his head was terrific and his ears ached with such throbbings that he could hardly keep his senses. At last, after lashing around hopelessly for what seemed like an interminably long time, his hand clutched the hair of the drowning lad, only to be himself clutched in a death grip around the throat. One cruel rap, dexterously delivered behind the ear, knocked all the remaining consciousness out of the struggling form. Crouching on the bottom with his left arm encircling the limp body, he mustered all his remaining strength into one mighty spring and shot upward with his charge; and then,—everything was blank.

* * *

"How is Dick this morning, father?" inquired Buzz.

"Not very well, son," replied Dr. Hayes, "I fear there is little hope for the recovery of your chum."

And thus on Christmas Day this noble, self-sacrificing youth, had given his life and his all, that another might live and enjoy the privileges that should no longer be his.

Here lies an algebraic man,
Who died in a collision.
A motor car subtracted him,
He perished by division.
And being mathematical
In all his thoughts and actions,
It surely was appropriate
To end in vulgar fractions.

Miss Robinson—"I am collecting for the suffering poor."

Foucar—"You're sure they're suffering?"

Miss R.—"Oh yes! I often go to their homes and talk to them for hours."

CONSTITUTION OF VOX LYCEI

DRAWN UP JANUARY 7TH, 1921

It is understood that the "Vox" Staff is an independent committee of the Lyceum.

This committee, composed of D. A. Robinson, W. G. Lloyd, E. H. Hull, R. I. Clifton and G. F. Inglis, formed for the purpose of framing a constitution for the "Vox Lycei," which will, as nearly as possible, reach perfection, herewith submits the following:

(1) Only members of the Lyceum can be nominated and run for office.

(2) The Vox Staff is elected for one issue only.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

(1) The Executive Committee shall be composed of the Editor-in-Chief, Secretary, Business Manager and the Business and Literary Supervisors.

(2) This Committee shall direct the policy of the magazine and their decision shall be final on any question.

EDITOR-IN CHIEF

Duties:—

(1) He shall write the Editorials.
(2) He shall be the Chief Executive of the Staff.
(3) It shall be his duty to call meetings of the Staff and Executive Committee and to preside thereat.
(4) The Editor shall have supervision over all departments pertaining to publication.
(5) The Editor shall instruct the Business Manager as to securing tenders and may accompany him in making arrangements.
(6) In case of the unavoidable absence of the Editor the Assistant Editor shall take charge.

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Duties:—

(1) The Assistant Editor shall have charge of announcing and receiving essays and poems. Also room material, with the exception of Jokes, from the Joke Editor.
(2) He shall assist in the "make up" of the magazine.

SECRETARY

(1) The Secretary will call meetings upon instructions of Editor-in-Chief.
(2) He shall keep a complete record of all proceedings at all meetings.
(3) He shall look after correspondence.
(4) He shall take orders and attend to distribution of the magazine.
(5) The Secretary shall be responsible for the proper checking and accounting of same to the Business Manager and to make returns to the Business Manager.

THE BUSINESS STAFF

(1) Nominations shall be held for the Business Staff. The candidate receiving the highest vote will be Business Manager. The two boys receiving the next highest votes and the girl receiving the highest vote, will comprise the Assistant Business Staff.

BUSINESS MANAGER

(1) The Business Manager shall have charge of the finances of the magazine and be responsible to the Business Supervisor.
(2) He shall receive all tenders and refer same to the Executive Committee.
(3) He shall assign all duties to the Assistant Business Staff.
(4) He shall assign advertising space and read advertising proof.
(5) The Business Manager shall supply the Secretary with a voucher for the number of copies to be sent as complimentaries to advertisers.
(6) The Business Manager shall, at the conclusion of his term of office, give a financial report to the members of the Lyceum.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS STAFF

(1) There shall be three (3) Assistant Business Managers, one of whom shall be a girl, and they shall receive their instructions from the Business Manager.

All bills, before being paid, must be passed on by the Executive Committee.

EDITOR OF LYCEUM

Whereas the president of the Lyceum is an "ex officio" member of all committees, he will represent the Lyceum on the "Vox" Staff and shall edit the Lyceum page.

EDITOR BOYS' ATHLETICS

(1) The Editor of this column may be any boy member of the Lyceum.
(2) He shall be responsible for a review of the athletic events during the past season.
(3) He shall be assisted by a reporter from each team and athletic organization representing the school, these to be elected by their respective bodies and to have the same status as Room Representatives.

EDITOR OF GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(1) This editor may be any girl member of the Lyceum.
(2) She shall be responsible for a review of girls' athletic events since previous issue.

EDITOR OF CADETS

(1) The Commander of Cadets shall edit this column unless he intends to act in some other capacity on the staff, in which case, he must advise the President of the Lyceum before the nominations and, in that event, nominations will be held from the Lyceum floor.
(2) All nominees must be commissioned officers of the Cadet Corps.

EDITOR OF GIRLS' CORNER

(1) This editor shall write up matters of interest to girls which happened during the past season.
(2) This position must be occupied by a girl.

EDITOR OF ALUMNI

The one holding this office must be a student of the senior third or fourth forms and have attended this school for two years previous, or any pupil who has been in the school for three years.

EDITOR OF EXCHANGES

(1) This editor shall receive all exchanges and make comment upon the same.
(2) He shall make note of all points worthy of consideration for the betterment of "The Vox" and submit the same to editor.
(3) He shall submit a voucher to the Secretary for the number of copies needed for Exchanges and shall mail same.

EDITOR OF JOKES

(1) The Editor of Jokes will receive all room and Form material from the Form Representatives and hand over all material not connected with the Joke Department to the Assistant Editor.
(2) He shall be responsible for "Special" Joke columns.

ARTISTS

(1) There shall be two Artists elected.
(2) They will receive their instructions from the Editor-in-Chief.

FORM REPRESENTATIVES

(1) There shall be one (1) Representative from each Form, either boy or girl, who must be a member of the Form which he or she represents.
(2) The Form Representatives shall advise the Room Representatives of the respective forms as to their duties.
(3) They shall collect material from same and hand in to Joke Editor.
(4) They shall be responsible for a brief review of "Form Happenings."

ROOM REPRESENTATIVES

(1) There shall be two (2) Representatives from each room, one boy and one girl, chosen by their respective rooms.
(2) They shall be responsible to their respective Form Representatives.

The Business and Literary Supervisors and two Counsellors shall be chosen by the whole Staff and shall be members of the Faculty.

All material for publication shall be submitted to the Literary Supervisor. The Business Supervisor shall act as Auditor.

Nominations for elections of Staff for the Christmas issue must be held at the second meeting of the Lyceum in the Fall Term. Notice of nominations shall be posted one week previous.

Nominations for elections of Staff for the Easter issue must be held at the second meeting of the Lyceum in the Spring Term, one week's notice having been given.

Elections for both issues shall be held one week after the nominations.

(Sgd.) Dave A. Robinson, Chairman Com.,
Fred Inglis, Secretary Com.,
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Robt. I. Clifton,
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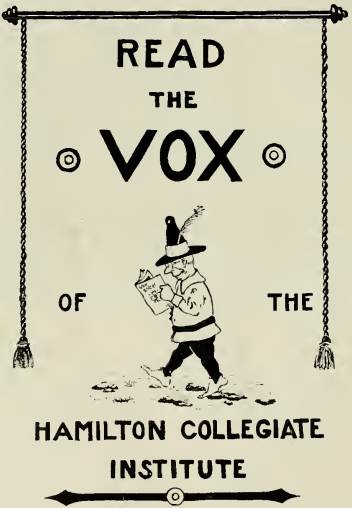
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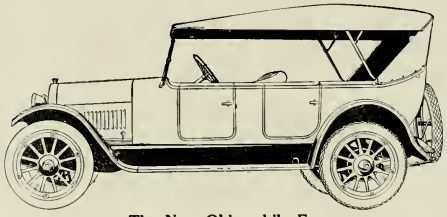

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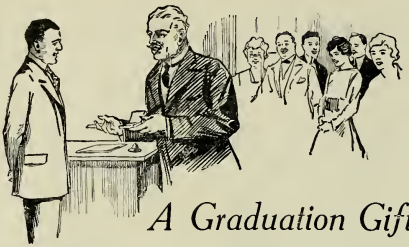

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